

# Contemporary Review

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No. 1073 MAY 1955

The Faith of a Liberal . . . .	SIR ANDREW MCFADYEAN
The Crown and the Commonwealth . .	VISCOUNT SOULBURY
Far Eastern Glimpse . . . .	LORD NOEL-BUXTON
Argentina Today and Tomorrow . .	GEORGE BILAINKIN
Count Michael Károlyi . . . .	BÉLA MENCZER
Mme. du Barry—II. . . .	G. P. GOOCH, D.LITT., F.B.A.
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## LIST OF CONTENTS

MAY, 1955

	<i>Page</i>
The Faith of a Liberal . . . . .	SIR ANDREW MCFADYEAN 290
The Crown and the Commonwealth . . . . .	VISCOUNT SOULBURY 292
Far Eastern Glimpse . . . . .	LORD NOEL-BUXTON 296
Argentina Today and Tomorrow . . . . .	GEORGE BILAINKIN 300
Count Michael Károlyi . . . . .	BELA MENCZER 306
Mme. du Barry—II. . . . .	G. P. GOOCH, D.LITT., F.B.A. 309
Pinero: A Centenary . . . . .	DENZIL ENGLAND 313
An Eye-Witness of Suttee . . . . .	COLONEL SIR JAMES SLEEMAN, C.B. 318
Progress with Profit Sharing . . . . .	DR. D. W. DODWELL 322
Afghanistan in World Affairs . . . . .	K. P. GHOSH 325
Extremists in Eire . . . . .	FLORENCE O'DONOGHUE 327
The American Negro's Political Progress . . . . .	MICHAEL VANE 331
The Red Cross . . . . .	IGNOTIUS 334
Life in the Lebanon . . . . .	RAYMOND LOIR 336
The Devil in Africa. . . . .	MRS. DOUGLAS 338
Literary Supplement: Reviews of Books	343

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CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

46-47 CHANCERY LANE · LONDON W.C.2

## THE FAITH OF A LIBERAL

**M**OST of us, I imagine, have been victims of a curious mental illusion which leads us to expect on meeting someone whom we have not seen for thirty years to find him or her unaltered in appearance. It is this same want of imagination which has led soldiers (not all of course) to prepare for a coming war with the weapons and tactics of the last in the forefront of their minds. And nations suffer from the same kind of disability. In every age the generations are intermingled, but there is one generation which is substantially dominant, and it lives enough in the past to find conscious adaptation a difficult and uncomfortable exercise; it would rather be the victim of evolution than the selective architect of its own future. In Great Britain the ruling generation has not even yet sloughed off outlooks and habits of mind which were the product of obsolete conditions. We are liable to go on our way attended by a splendid Victorian vision—or so it seems to me when I think of the grounds on which the British withdrawal from Egypt was attacked by Conservative back-benchers. Not so long ago, and well within the lifetime of most of our political leaders, we were the rulers and possessors of an Empire on which the sun never set; we could afford a splendid isolation; by our naval supremacy we imposed a Pax Britannica which came near to reproducing the peace of Imperial Rome. We feared no foes, and we wooed no friends. In trade and industry we led the world. All that began "to fade into the light of common day" with the outbreak of the first World War, and the change was consummated by the second. The Empire is in voluntary liquidation. We command neither the sea nor the air and are henceforth little less vulnerable than any part of continental Europe. Isolation is not a possibility and is not even an ideal. We, who once held not merely "the gorgeous East" but the whole world in fee, are a debtor people.

It would be distasteful smugness to suggest that British Liberals are immune from illusion and nostalgia; but it can be legitimately claimed that, just as they have been responsible for the only original political thinking in the last thirty years about our domestic problems, they have been quicker and readier to comprehend the requirements of our new situation in the world; Keynes and Gilbert Murray have been our prophets. The mere force of events has pushed all of us, Conservatives, Socialists and Liberals, into close association with other nations for purposes of defence, for the maintenance of freedom, for its extension by peaceful means, and, nominally at least, for the creation of conditions under which immature countries can come of age and enjoy higher standards of living. But it is not unfair to say that each successive step (with the possible but by no means certain exception of our closer association with the United States) has been taken by British Conservatives and British Socialists with hesitancy and reluctance. The mental illusion persists; it is not realised that a nation today is a province—when it is something better than a parish. Our relations with the Commonwealth are sometimes advanced as a reason against closer identification with Europe—and that again is a phase of the illusion. The case is never argued; it is assumed that our Imperial responsibilities are still of Victorian magnitude. The fact that no Dominion statesman has ever raised a word of protest against as intimate



an association as the British people might desire with the new fabric of Western Europe is ignored. In the case of the Labour Party the illusion of lost greatness is intensified by the instinctive, ill-founded belief that we can, and the unworthy ambition that we should, maintain prosperity and full employment by a purely nationalistic economic policy—a doctrine of devil-take-the-hindmost in international affairs which measures the Socialist fall from grace and idealism.

What are the views of the British Liberal Party which make it the natural and predestined partner of European Liberals and their staunch associate in the Liberal International? Firstly we welcome world citizenship: we do not accept it with a grimace of distaste as a "pis aller." Secondly, we have not discarded the view, so generally entertained when "sin and sorrow" struck us, that we shall never have peace in a world of international anarchy. Thirdly, just as we believe that no nation can prosper with an upper ten and a totally submerged tenth, so we hold that you cannot have a peaceful world when about half its population is living on the edge of destitution. Defence against aggression is the first objective in order of time, but we can add, in the words of the Vulgate, "porro unum est necessarium"—the steady attempt to remove the manifold causes of war. We believe in eventual world government—not the detailed administration of the world's provinces and parishes by a centralised international Parliament, but the subjection of all nations to the rule of law, the international control of armaments and the international co-ordination and, so to speak, harmonisation of trade. The seeds of that world government are in U.N.O., but for the moment the world's soil and climate are unfavourable to its growth. Meanwhile we are in N.A.T.O. together, in which we are closely associated with Europe, with America and with the British Commonwealth. In that relationship Canada often usefully interprets Great Britain to the United States, and Great Britain does the same service of interpretation for Europe. Still more importantly at this stage of international evolution, Liberals have pushed, pressed, and prodded successive British governments to associate this country much more intimately with Western Europe. We have pleaded for participation in E.D.C. and the European Coal and Steel Community; we have not been scared by the old national idol of sovereignty. We have an instinctive feeling that if Western Europe were to make a success of its struggle to achieve unification (it seems at times more like a series of twitches than a sustained effort) we could not stand aloof. It would be strange if, having always ascribed the success of American industry to its great free internal market, we could expect to live prosperously and as equals among, but outside, great common markets in Eastern Europe, Western Europe and the United States.

British Liberals believe that the principles on which their domestic policies are based, such as equality before the law, absence of privilege, equality of opportunity, freedom of speech, opinion, religion and association, are of equal validity in international conduct. We have led a fight against internal wants, poverty, ill health and ignorance, and we recognise that these evils are lions in the international field as well. Particularly in the economic field is it true that the practice of Liberalism in both domestic and foreign affairs is the key to better and more stable relations between the peoples of the world, and on the last analysis the

Liberal International strives to make Liberalism the dominant influence not only in the relationship of the member countries to each other but within national boundaries as well. And so far as British Liberals are concerned in the matter, they can claim that though their Party has few representatives in Parliament, and therefore only one at Strasbourg, it has a disproportionately large influence on British public opinion, and is, to that degree, able to match what is being done by its fellow parties in other European countries.

ANDREW MCFADYEAN.

## THE CROWN AND THE COMMONWEALTH

"**T**HE Confederacy is made up of many races; all the representatives have equal votes, and press their several interests. There follows the usual result that nothing is ever done properly. For some are all anxiety to be revenged on an enemy, while others only want to get off with as little loss as possible. The members of such a Confederacy are slow to meet, and when they do meet, they give little time to the consideration of any common interest, and a great deal to schemes which further the interest of their particular State. Everyone fancies that his own neglect will do no harm, but that it is somebody else's business to keep a look out for him, and this idea cherished alike by each, is the secret ruin of all." The above quotation sounds like a rather acid appraisal of the proceedings of the League of Nations between the two world-wars. It is in fact, part of a speech delivered by Pericles to the Athenians on the eve of the Peloponnesian war between Athens and Sparta in 432 B.C., and nearly 2,400 years later we find the late Field-Marshal Smuts addressing the Empire Parliamentary Association at Westminster in these words: "It was largely because in the League of Nations we did not recognise the importance of leadership and power that everything went wrong in the end. What was everybody's business in the end proved to be nobody's business. Each one looked to the other to take the lead, and the aggressor got away with it." Whether Smuts had Pericles' speech in mind when he spoke these words I do not know, but there is considerable similarity between his views on the League of Nations and the views of Pericles on the Peloponnesian Confederacy.

A study of the many attempts made during the last two thousand years to induce different races and communities to take common action in self-defence makes painful reading. History is strewn with the records of unsuccessful and short-lived alliances, treaties, covenants, confederacies and leagues designed to preserve the contracting parties from the depredations of their neighbours. Two such confederacies are still in being; the United Nations Organisation and the Commonwealth of Nations. How far do the criticisms of Pericles and Smuts apply to them? Earlier in his speech Pericles declared that the Peloponnesians were incapacitated from carrying on a war by the want of a single war council necessary for prompt and vigorous action. The North Atlantic Treaty Organisation has gone some way to remedy that defect, but what about the leadership to which Smuts referred? Leadership has always been a very personal thing—so personal in fact, that in olden days when Kings commanded in battle,

the death or capture or flight of the King often led to the dispersal and disintegration of his Army. We all know how the Greeks fared while Achilles sulked in his tent. That sort of thing does not happen nowadays but during the last war every soul in Great Britain experienced the effect of a great man's personal leadership. The result of that war might well have been very different if we had been deprived of the services of Sir Winston Churchill.

There are substantial limits to leadership when it comes to uniting in a common cause a number of nations differing in race, religion, history, tradition and culture, and those limits are more pronounced in time of peace than in time of war. The Roman Emperors in the age of the Antonines got as near to unifying a considerable part of the civilised world as any leaders have done since. The person of the Emperor meant a great deal to everyone from the Euphrates to Newcastle. No doubt the deification of the Emperor helped, and of course compulsion was always in the background. Later on European society was held together for a time by a Universal Church and the Holy Roman Empire, but by the 16th century Nationalism had begun to rear its head and become a powerful solvent of international unity. It still so remains, and is indeed becoming more powerful. The fact that in many countries today the masses are the eventual arbiters of policy, fortifies Nationalism, and so far as foreign policy is concerned, it is by no means certain that the cause of peace has benefited thereby. For hearts tend to govern heads and emotion takes the place of reason. Politicians find that a larger dividend in the form of popular support is paid by appeals to local pride and prejudice, and racial and communal sentiment, than to concepts of international co-operation however eloquently expressed. It is true that clichés like "collective security," "the rule of law" and so forth have been successfully employed to elicit some degree of enthusiasm for joint endeavour, and various 'isms' such as Imperialism and Colonialism can be relied upon to provoke inflammatory responses. Such terms and phrases have an emotional content, provided that they are not subjected to definition and analysis—and they seldom are.

The problem now is, how to foster a core of mutual attraction in the hearts of the members of a multi-national organisation and produce a central figure which will transcend national and parochial loyalties. Smuts held that the League of Nations failed for lack of leadership and power. The United Nations Organisation has power, but where is the leadership? For the masses leadership means a personal flesh and blood leader upon whom the emotion of loyalty can be bestowed. It is not easy to be loyal to an abstraction. The man-in-the-street is unlikely to cheer a covenant, and I doubt whether a procession of the representatives of the members of the United Nations Organisation would evoke more than respectful acclamation from the onlookers. In time of war, of course, there have been occasions when a number of allied nations have agreed to appoint and follow a leader chosen from one of them; for example Marlborough and Foch, and no doubt in the event of a third world-war they would do so again. It would, however, be a confession of failure to rely solely on war to overcome the centrifugal influence of Nationalism and find a personage acceptable to all. But where can such a personage be found in time of

peace? The United States of America will follow its President, and the United Kingdom its Prime Minister, and other countries likewise, but I cannot envisage the United Nations Organisation as the source of a leadership which will command the loyalty and unite the support of all its member nations.

What about the other organisation, the Commonwealth? It is, of course, much the smaller of the two. 60 nations are members of the United Nations Organisation and only 8 of the Commonwealth, though they comprise about one fourth of the world's population, and it may not be long before Rhodesia and the West Indies take their places as free and independent members of the Commonwealth, to be joined, I hope, in due course by others, until much of what is now termed the British Empire will consist of self-governing states. Such a group will be no more racially or culturally homogeneous than is the United Nations Organisation, but it will possess what that organisation lacks, a centripetal influence, embodying in the words of Sir Oliver Franks, "the principle of continuity and unity within the Commonwealth and as such accepted by all the partners." That influence is the Crown. I shall no doubt be reminded that, as stated earlier in this article, it is not easy to move the masses to be loyal to something abstract, and that the Crown is an abstraction. Technically that may be so, but it is an abstraction which its wearer, the reigning Sovereign, transmutes into reality and endows with life. In Her broadcast message at Christmas 1953 Her Majesty the Queen said that she wanted to show that the Crown was not merely an abstract symbol of the unity of the nations of the Commonwealth, but a personal and living bond between Her and Her people.

That bond was made abundantly evident during the Royal tour of the Commonwealth last Spring. I cannot speak of Australia and New Zealand from personal observation, but I can speak of Ceylon, for I was the Governor-General of that country during the Royal visit. It is impossible to exaggerate the spontaneous warm-hearted fervour with which the Ceylonese greeted the Queen—their Queen—the Queen of Ceylon—so entitled by an Act of the Ceylon Parliament. They were moved not only by loyalty to their Sovereign—the latest in line of a succession of Kings and Queens of Ceylon that can be traced for over 2,000 years—but by an almost mystical reverence for a supremely exalted person. As an old man—a Buddhist—from a remote country village put it; "Clearly I have earned great merit in my previous life to have been privileged to see The Queen in this one." On the evening of the day of Her departure the Prime Minister of Ceylon fittingly summed up the feelings of his countrymen in these words: "Our Queen has come, has moved freely amongst us, and has gone leaving behind a trail of happy memories, and millions of joyous hearts and smiling faces." It implies no reflection upon the popularity of the political leaders of Ceylon or of any other Commonwealth nation, to say that not one of them could evoke for themselves anything approaching the devoted enthusiasm which their peoples lavished upon their Queen. For tradition plays a large part in human thought and action. Mankind has had a much longer experience of monarchy than of any other institution, and no form of government has realised more completely than a monarchy the continuity and unity that have always been the objectives of a civilised

state. And, as an English historian has observed: "It is far easier to arrive at the notion of sovereignty, if it is seen to be vested in a single person, than if it belongs to an assembly." Lord Elton was not altogether fanciful when he wrote in his book: *Imperial Commonwealth* that "the Indian masses have always preferred a person to a system, and had there been a Disraeli at hand to advise, George the Fifth might conceivably have been a second Asoka to the Hindus of India, another Suleiman the Magnificent to the Moslems." Moreover, though the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings has long ago been outmoded, I believe that there is still felt in the human heart—and perhaps more deeply in the East than in the West—a sense of the "Divinity that doth hedge a King." But be that as it may, the Commonwealth possesses in the Crown a centre of loyalty and a focus of personal influence, which no other confederacy of free and independent nations has ever enjoyed.

Each nation in the Commonwealth accepts the Queen as the symbol of its free association and independence, and as such the Head of the Commonwealth. In that capacity the Queen is recognised by all its members, seven of whom also recognise Her as their Queen. India, however, has adopted the status of a Republic and Pakistan proposes to do likewise; South Africa may follow suit. It is not very easy to appreciate the advantage to be gained by becoming a Republic within the Commonwealth. There is no peculiar magic in the word Republic, which is indeed practically synonymous with the word Commonwealth. Pakistan is at present a free and independent member of the Commonwealth and intends so to remain; the status of a Republic will not make the slightest difference to her freedom and independence. She is now and will be as completely self-governing as any of her sister nations. But it may make a difference in the attitude of some of them towards her, for—quite frankly—they are not likely to feel the same regard for a people which no longer recognises, as they do, the Queen as their Queen. That may not be to the advantage of Pakistan. Incidentally, a popularly elected Government is less powerful under a President than under a Governor-General. The latter can be recalled at any moment by the Queen on the advice of the Prime Minister, but a President is usually elected for a term of years and if the Government finds him non-co-operative or inefficient, he is much more difficult to get rid of. Presumably Pakistan's decision is partly due to the precedent set by India, and partly to the conception of the Crown recalling bygone memories of subjection and dependence. No doubt in the past Britain made many mistakes in her administration of that part of India which is now Pakistan; no nation in the world has an unsullied record in its dealings with other nations. Nevertheless it is a mistake to be hag-ridden by history, and wiser to relegate past grievances to the limbo of "old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago."

In contrasting the United Nations Organisation and the Commonwealth it must not be inferred that they are rivals, and no invidious comparison should be made between them. Their functions and constitutions are fundamentally different. And the Commonwealth is in no sense a bloc, for its membership does not involve any political or economic exclusiveness. Nevertheless the Commonwealth is a unique institution, for unlike the members of the United Nations Organisation, its members



have become the members of a family. The meetings of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers resemble family gatherings, at which questions of common interest can be discussed with the utmost frankness and in complete privacy. The Queen, as the Head of the Commonwealth, is the Head of this great family, this "immense union of nations with their homes set in all the four corners of the earth." She is the centre of a connection between those nations, which legally and in various ways differs from their connection with other nations, for just as there can be no foreigners within a family, no one citizen can be foreign to another citizen of the Commonwealth. That relationship is the basis of its organic unity, of which the Crown is the symbol, and The Queen is, as she said she wished to be, "a personal and living bond between Her and Her people."

SOULBURY.

### FAR EASTERN GLIMPSE

**A** MONTH away from home—when one has been as far as Siam and Japan and touched the smouldering fringe of the Bamboo Curtain—is unsettling. With a little peace one tries to figure out what the experience meant, what human relations are, and what may cause a country, at some point in its history, to go Communist. Looking at a map of the world, one realizes that our Parliamentary Delegation took a sort of By-Pass route to Tokyo. A straight line from London would have taken us across the heart of Russia. A passenger with us on our immense B.O.A.C. "Argonaut" insisted that this was not an artificial *détour*—it being controlled by the fact that all the great cities of the world tend to be on Deltas; also, a direct route (political considerations apart), would lead across unmanageable mountains. So we took the southern route to the far-off islands of Japan, via Rome, Cairo, Basra, Karachi, Delhi, Calcutta, Rangoon, Bangkok, Hongkong. We arrived at night at Haneda Airport, Tokyo, having seen the endless golden clusters of light round Tokyo Bay, heralding our arrival at the third biggest city of the world after New York and London. From the first moments it was clear that there was nothing "provincial" about Japan. We were met with a battery of fifty or sixty cameras as we came down the stairway from the aircraft. In addition, we found ourselves on "live" television, and in the bewildering glare (and after three sleepless nights) I myself nearly fatally fouled one of the rubber cables passing from a camera to a nation of ninety millions.

In the little V.I.P. room to which we were hustled a host of journalists and more cameras, manoeuvred by Japs in all postures, from ladders, window-sills, and the floor—awaited us. The quality of their questioning was up to London Airport standard on the return of Eden or on a visit of Dulles. I felt: Here was a great nation, capable of advanced thought. And one remembered, too, that they were not even questioning us in their own tongue. As the days went on one had somehow to fit in this sense of Japanese urban civilisation with monstrous behaviour during the last war, and with the fact that a hundred years ago Japan was just ending an ageless period of isolation from the rest of the world. We drove ten miles into Tokyo through endless tram-lined streets reminding one of South London;



and a mood of British frustration, of tense crowds and traffic-lights, was suggested. In the dark we could not see very clearly; if you limited your awareness you could have been in the Kentish Town Road. But no: there are signs in characters I cannot understand, advertisements written downwards; and some of the houses are shack-like even as we approach towards the inner city.

Our hotel was essentially European and full of Americans. It is rather bewildering to travel so far and seem in some ways to be so near to where you had been, with Americans asking about their rooms or some detail at the Reception, as if they had been doing it at the Dorchester or the Cumberland. Our days were spent in a very rigid schedule of meetings, with Prime Minister Yoshida or the Foreign Minister; with the heads of the Shipping Industry or the Cotton Industry; in going to factories, making railway rolling-stock or cameras; in visiting Governors of Tokyo, Osaka, or Kioto. We saw the ordinary people only as they waited patiently at tram- or bus-stop or crowded the platforms of the elevated railways. We noticed the same mood of resignation that you get in London, the same fact of being used to it. It is part of their modern national heritage—as with us—that it is difficult to get out of cities. After ten at night, our last public obligation over, one or two of us would sneak off into Tokyo and experience an interesting night life. We talked with many men and women and felt a sense of kinship such as links the world. The Japs have hard faces (as one member of our delegation said “the hardest faces east of Basra.”) yet they can relax beautifully, and they have a great sense of humour. Ten thousand miles should not be allowed to separate emotionally two peoples like our own. The Japs are certainly the most western people in the Far East. They are also the most enigmatic. But are we, the British, not the most enigmatic people in Europe?

One of the tragedies of our visit was that we saw no open country, yet we know that Japan is one of the most beautiful countries in the world. It takes an hour to get out of Tokyo in any direction, and the same is true of Osaka, which with its neighbour Kobe is I believe the fourth greatest city on earth. We had to be content with the controlled beauty of parkland round the Emperor's Palace in the capital, and the sort of Oxford or Stratford-on-Avon beauty of Kioto, the ancient capital. But these famous Temples of Kioto are now surrounded by a million or more people. Admittedly we saw Fuji Mountain from the air, a cone appearing the size of a county rising with its mysterious snow out of cloud. This was on the return to Tokyo from Osaka. We had travelled to Osaka by night train (marvellously smooth railway): in the early morning before the first suburbs of Osaka started, I saw glimpses of mountain foothill-country, closely and neatly cultivated up to the sheer sides; delicious streams jostled; over there was a great plain, all reminding of New Zealand; charming haystacks such as Van Gogh might have painted. A vista fading before tram-lines.

The noun “enigma” has to come in if we try to assess the Japanese people. Whether they have always been enigmatic in the way in which they are so today I know not. Not having been in Japan before the war, one cannot tell the effect of all that. The psychology of a defeated nation is always deeply intriguing and deeply concerns us. The Japs we met were

extraordinarily elusive in talking about the late war. Often they gave me the impression of trying to appear more stupid in talking about this (or anything else) than they actually were. Language is some difficulty (and they are notoriously bad linguists), but the major difficulty is probably a desire not to lose face in a tongue they are not entirely familiar with. Only once did I experience any rudeness in conversation, and that was when I pressed very clearly on the question of their entry into the war and the momentum leading towards it. At first the two people I was talking to on this tried to pretend they didn't get my question properly; but when no more evasion was possible they simply burst out into prolonged laughter—as if I had asked a most curious and even ridiculous question.

They no doubt have a very subtle ability of hiding things—of even hiding ability. For instance, attending dinners, where all the important people for instance in the shipping or textile worlds were present, and looking at their faces and hearing their limited conversations, one simply could not believe that these were the kings of industry and trade. Maybe that was their intention. Very skilful. They seemed, this nation, to be on bad terms with themselves; to have an intensity and an incapacity for relaxation. This maybe is only true of cities, but these great cities of Japan set the pace, as cities do in England. The drive towards war was certainly related to this sense of uncomfortableness, and being shut into a medium-sized island-context, with very high population and emigration (even when they did have Manchuria, Korea, Formosa, in those days) not popular. They envied, in the early part of the war, German and Italian Blitzkrieg tactics. "We admired Germany," they say, "and saw what she did. We admired the *effectiveness* of what she did." Many Japanese military men had been educated in German Military Academies. The Navy, on the other hand, had been largely trained by us, and the Japanese Navy was, significantly, against the war. A Navy sees the world. The Army and the militant, explosive airforce were for "having a go." Pearl Harbour was in the Blitzkrieg tradition; this fell gamble nearly came off. The effectiveness of the American Navy was drastically reduced for two years.

Pre-war, the Army always had very strict control of the Press, and in those years leading up to Pearl Harbour the average citizen really had not any idea of what was happening. All the same, this explosive *feel* of the nation was operating. They must assert themselves, succeed, and fling their forces far afield. Out of their isolation was bred a sense of cataclysm, a need to "have a shot at something." Rather a childish psychology—but one that easily came about. I found very little obvious sense of guilt about the war. Perhaps the dropping of two atom-bombs, on Hiroshima and on Nagasaki, obliterated a potential, positive awareness of being a guilty nation. But they are a pragmatic people—with a tendency to think that success justifies itself. A Jap said to a friend of mine, just simply, "Zunny Ma Sen"—"so sorry," too bad, we ought to have done better. We just didn't win. It is childlike, cruel, unrealistic, a world of false figures and images. But it is in the Japanese inheritance.

The younger generation are distinctly pacifist: recruiting for the services is resistant. They have had enough, and the thought of atomic war makes the whole nation shrink from the idea of being directly involved in the defence of the Pacific area from a Western angle. The Japs are increasingly

suspicious of the Americans, and increasingly revealing again a natural xenophobia. It is Japan for the Japanese. Hence the desire for rapprochement with Russia and China. Peace in the region, that is what they want; the present Prime Minister Hatoyama said during his recent election campaign that he wanted to resume relations with the Communist countries "in the interests of preserving peace which was endangered by the present balance of power." An aspect of their lack of guilt-sense was the repeated insistence to us that they ought to be given at once the full benefits of entry into G.A.T.T., the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs signed at Torquay in 1951. They were curiously unable to see that defeat in war made their position any different, or that the survival of the cotton industry in Lancashire depended on us going slowly with them over this matter. But I must by-pass this important matter: suffice to say that the population is increasing by 1,200,000 each year and government efforts to encourage birth-control (though serious) are not being very effective. A fresh, expansive mood, a new image of Australia on the skyline, might occur again. The only long-term answer is a chance of expanding trade for all.

I feel Japanese efforts at democracy to be seriously undertaken, but the roots are shallow. One American forecast to me that it was all "Bent Grass"—that the Old Order would emerge again. I doubt this—given a continuing reasonable trade position, granted the absence of acute economic crisis. They are a diligent people—and they work at democracy. We attended sessions of both Houses of the Diet, and felt that, though there were too many cameras in the Chamber, it was not a veneer business. We told them that they were concentrating too much on personalities and too little on policies. I thought back to Westminster. This happens in all countries. Yet anything like the British age-long precious stability of Government is as yet lacking in Japan. We found their semi-circular Debating Chambers discouraging to the development of a desirable Two-Party system. Splinter-groups, as in France, tend to adumbrate.

Leaving Tokyo—that London of the Far East—where at every moment the nose of some electric train would burst from the ground and turn over your head on some fantastically-reared iron-bridge—we turned our faces SouthWest, passing below the tip of Formosa, back to Hongkong again; thence to Bangkok. We spent a few days there in Siam, and really (unlike in Japan) saw some open countryside, and basked in the sunlight of twenty million smiling faces. No need to smile perhaps, with Communism a real threat from Laos and Cambodia. I found the people largely politically unaware; not mechanically-minded; and their police not good at Special Branch stuff, not efficient at studying underground movements which may threaten them. A rural people, living among seas of green rice, their swift-eyed children flying kites or riding water-buffalo in their canals. When rice is green it looks like fenland wheat before it turns gold. The great spaces appealed to my East Anglian mind, and there was peace in the high sky.

Siam is a semi-fascist State, with no effective opposition in Parliament. Yet the dictatorship is benevolent; with the current high export price of rice nobody goes hungry. The Siamese are a very independent lot, and deeply proud of their Monarchy. They have a charming love of ceremony. They have never belonged to a Colonial power, and exhibit none of that

persisting resentment associated with new-found freedom, as in the case of her neighbours, Burma or Indo-China. These folk want to remain independent in their own romantic world, and their leaders realize the dangers of a political bush-fire running, in a high wind, from China southwards—the advancing Bamboo Screen, red and destructive. But the mass of the people are (nearly) blissful in ignorance. There exists no formed, wide-based public opinion as in western countries—or in Japan. It will remain so for some time. Yet new flames are burning. Communism is without influence there at the moment; but will it perhaps sweep in, in a vacuum to a delightful green land?

On cold London Airport again, I thought of Haneda Airport, and of how our two desperately industrialized nations have almost a bond—of Purgatory.

NOEL-BUXTON.

## ARGENTINA TODAY AND TOMORROW

ARGENTINA provided a series of shocks, surprises and a score of reasons for humbling embarrassment. In ten weeks I travelled about 7,000 to 8,000 miles by primitive punt, ancient rowing boat, luxurious aircraft, new motor launches, shining limousines from abroad, and a train to the local Torquay that outdoes the Brighton Belle. For a newcomer to South America's most vibrant republic who had read the few books published in the United States, some of our own out of date traveller's reminiscences, and snippets in a Press so sadly preoccupied with sex, lust, sadism, the contrast between mental picture and reality proved beyond credence. Even in our serious newspapers little appears about the progress, the giant strides, in modern Argentina, and less about the places outside Buenos Aires, unless, of course, and until General Peron imprisons a Catholic priest, a student is detained, military plotters are arrested or tried, and Communists make a protest; besides the occasions when an air disaster obliges or a train crash gives a good death roll. Even more unfortunate for sections of the popular Press is the passing in her climax of effective work of mercy and planning for the downtrodden, of Senora Eva Peron—for the writers cannot pursue her now to her penultimate resting place with miserable and unforgivable outbreaks. Whenever, and this was frequent, leading Argentines asked what kind of picture I had nursed about the country and people, before my descent 7,000 miles from London after about 36 hours in the soothing comfort of the clouds in a luxurious Scandinavian liner, I gave a reply that shamed me more than the questioners. But the Argentines agreed my view was similar to that expressed by other travelled and normally-read people from the West, and not only from the British Isles. I had said briefly, "My impression was of a state in which President Peron has filled some concentration camps with political opponents and soldierly plotters, Radicals who remain outside flee through Uruguay and Chile, the regime is disliked but kept in power by a splendid police force. Religious freedom does not exist. The country is backward and in urgent need of aid from the West in all ranges of technical development."

How did I set about my task? I was allowed to go where I chose,

to ask the questions I specified. I visited the most southerly inhabited town in the world, where President Peron has abolished the notorious penal settlement of Ushuaia, on the borders of the Antarctic Ocean. I interrogated murderers in prisons in Buenos Aires, spent many hours mingling with the detainees of the establishment outside the city where students, Communists and priests share unusually cosy quarters. I sat on the platform with President Peron at several functions, was invited to his box with Vice-President Radhakrishnan of India and the then Japanese Foreign Minister for the Loyalty Day ceremonies on October 17th, listening to the frenzied applause of about half a million Argentines, mostly well dressed workers. Ministers normally inaccessible to visitors gave me all the time I wished and answered my questions candidly. I spent hours chatting with girl students who have the President's park for their sports activities and thus provide the expected type of gossip conventional in western capitals and—cafes, particularly when it is encouraged and disseminated by foreign diplomatists. I spoke with foes of the regime, with foreigners in humble and major employment, with women who would gladly give their lives to defend Peron and his regime, to whom the man is little less than a Divine gift. And the number of these women is truly astounding, in capital, in neighbouring provinces, in villages a thousand miles away and more. To anyone accustomed to the poor clothes of Western Europe and the cafes of King's Cross, the far higher average standard in the Argentine capital and the better towns is impressive. The food eaten in Argentine towns and in the countryside is largely meat, often two pounds a day. But the organisation of supplies is not faultless, and in an officers' mess where I was provided with a furnished house and servants, in Rio Gallegos (where the spring tides reach 52 feet above the ebbs), I noted that the three main dishes consisted of a form of macaroni, then tagliatelli and then a sister of the macaroni variety with perhaps half an ounce of meat content. Elsewhere steaks weighing a pound or more, cooked, were not unusual. Unemployment is unknown and many thousands of Chileans, people from Paraguay, from Bolivia, and from Spain, Italy and Germany are added to the labour force regularly, for short periods or for years. The beginning was good: my companions, mostly Germans from the Western zone, and I landed at an aerodrome more modern and imposing than the eternally temporary concoction of huts with which passive Britons appeared satisfied year after year, and amused visitors tolerated with a sinful snigger, at Heathrow till 1955 and at Northolt.

Within a few hours I received shock treatment, at a number of nationally famed institutions, the Children's City, Students' City, the Eva Peron Hospital and the Eva Peron Home for the Aged, a few miles from the capital. Neither in Sweden or Switzerland, let alone the British Isles, have I seen luxury, comfort, ostentatious disregard of expense by planners, builders, decorators and dietetic experts, to rival what I was shown by Argentines growingly conscious, yet far too modest, about their new place in an unheeding world. It seemed as if the dreamer who was executant, Eva Peron, had said to herself, "My own humble and miserable days of uncertainty in my youth shall not be known by the poorest of my fellows . . . the more wretched their conditions at home the more fabulous must be the months they spend in my Children's City, the years in Students' City.



The tapestries I shall order to be a copy of those in the President's own study and ante-rooms, marble floors and lounges and foyers, will also be the same, curtains will be no worse than in the reception rooms of the President, tables similarly, and even statues. The young must leave these memorials to my struggles and my work, conscious of their equality with the best of Argentina's educated, cultivated sons and daughters." Her dreams came true; her orders were obeyed implicitly, lovingly.

Long after the ladies and gentlemen in Argentina and beyond, who spoke of this woman in terms that must be a final judgment on their own taste and sense, become unidentifiable cold ashes, the work of Eva Peron in the establishments I have named and in countless others in a republic twenty two times the area of England and Wales, will rise as a monument lasting many decades. Young Argentines leaving these and several thousand new schools of magnificent design and many technical colleges for artisans will be uniquely free from the pangs of "not belonging," of not having been brought up in environment as generous as some of their brothers and sisters. I see these folk stepping into the world with square shoulders, heads high, speaking to the world in altered tones and phrases. Let me refer to the Eva Peron Hospital, some miles from the "Paris" of Latin America. The 400 beds are looked after by an army of nurses, trained in the Nurses' School of Argentina, and 220 full-time medical personnel, with home or foreign or double qualifications, often with post-graduate diplomas. Every one of the 11 X-ray rooms with its own apparatus made in Argentina, the U.S. and in the case of the machine for examining brains in Germany, had a waiting room, and adequate facilities for preparing the patient as well as the completion of notes. Archives rooms had a British Museum quality and splendour. Even the forms to be filled up by the army of dentists, similar to those used in Children's City, made me wish some missionaries were diverted from "Darkest Africa" to other places, to study rather than teach.

These concepts of the place in the life of the nation occupied by a modern hospital are a guide to the status of universities, vast mixed schools and other educational centres. Often as I rested between my day's six or seven appointments in Buenos Aires I looked out of my windows on the seventh floor of the Alvear Palace Hotel towards the Law Faculty of the University of Buenos Aires, a grandiose palace dangling between the pacific parks designed by early English visitors and the enormous river. The Dean of the Faculty, Professor Fernandez Moreno, a distinguished jurist who has often represented his country at international gatherings with colleagues who do not belong to the Peronista Party, showed me the main halls, examination rooms, corridors, his own studies, professors' conference studios, students' meeting centres—till my mind and eye were dazzled by refinements of light, shade, carpet, tapestry, curtain, sofas, chairs—beyond reaction. Once a week about 2,000 ticket-holders, town people, academic notables, students and friends, pack the major hall for a concert by a gifted home or foreign orchestra or musician.

Big cities with merely tall apartment blocks, whether in Park Lane or Buenos Aires, dazzle, but do not impress me. Riches gained swiftly in the past half century by wheat, lamb, railway, beef and textile barons, overnight determined to please their wives or friends, are clearly displayed in the



generously planned avenues of a capital with four or more million inhabitants. Many private "houses" seem like multiplied editions of the ambassadorial residences that deign to shine on Kensington Palace Gardens. Some avenues are so wide that in the centre the authorities have planned separate lanes for traffic and under rising trees paths for pedestrians. They need to be generous for the speed of the vehicular traffic is a good rival to what is to be seen in Casablanca. Yet despite the absence of traffic lights, the density of cars, lorries, vans, accidents appear to be rare, though the garages must make a fortune out of the frequent renewal of brake linings. It was not without reason that I called the faultless chauffeur lent me by the Foreign Office, *Senor Massa*, "pilot." In a limousine intended to travel at 60 to 70 miles an hour on the open road he attained speeds that would be a credit to a reconnaissance machine, particularly when we were leaving the Eden-esque *Alvear Palace* about five a.m. for an aerodrome whence an hour later I should be rising for a flight of 1,000 or 2,000 miles (the same day). *Massa* was rather restricted in his ebullience, despite the impressive printed notice on our windscreen, "Free Passage," when we approached the centre, close to the biggest hive of roomy, palatial, air-conditioned cinemas showing Argentine, Spanish, Italian, German, sometimes British or Russian and often Hollywood productions with Spanish sound tracks. The entire street is closed to vehicular traffic after a given hour to enable people to shop-gaze in comfort and safety at goods displayed in *Bond Street* style.

Good, modest and "cheap" restaurants are open till a late hour, libraries and music shops do business at midnight and one a.m., cinemas and theatre halls and the outsize theatres begin major activity when London's close. But the transport situation is not one of Argentina's major accomplishments, because, maybe, of the shortage of foreign currency. The buses are too small, too few and too capricious. The taxicabs are too rare, too old, and too reminiscent of the spirit of those in London during the days of the American invasion in the second world war. I have often had to walk four of five miles at midnight or later, at the end of a day that began at six or seven, because of my consideration for *Massa's* family. And the demand of an impudent driver of a horse-drawn carriage for 40 pesos (£1 on the official rate of exchange, 10s. at the rate at which I sold some pesos in a London bank in January) for a slow ride of twelve minutes, made me learn my lesson. I would praise highly the planners of the city for constructing without real excuse a splendid green square almost at every corner, so that people can sit down and rest or chat, or eat their sandwiches of sausages with beef content or half a pound of steak, under a cordial blue sky, the trees tempering the rays of a blessed sun. Yet Buenos Aires is grossly over-populated. If Argentina is to achieve the colonisation of the deserted portions of this enormous new Empire in reasonable time, she will have to be more authoritarian about the distribution of the young and educated citizens as well as the army of café loungers and the regiments of luxuriously clothed middle-men. Those who obtain a magnificent education free must be willing to repay the State, their fellows, their proud Argentina, in part, by agreeing to work for a few years in regions where Argentina has not yet begun to develop her astronomic resources, on and below ground. "Patagonia," which includes the

Territories of Neuquen, Rio Negro, Chubut, Comodore Rivadavia, Santa Cruz and Tierra del Fuego, occupies a quarter of the area of the republic, and has 430,000 inhabitants—a fortieth of the total. Here density in places is one to a square mile.

Irrigation, from the air and by windmills and pumps and canals, land planning, prefabricated houses, bonuses with cattle and sheep and horses, a call by Peron and his trio of loyal lieutenants with between them an unchallengable following among the young, would have a staggering response. The young would make Patagonia an example of wealth equalling that of Buenos Aires Province. The rising Argentine Empire would see these territories as rich and important as any in the world—in the same and other continents. Developed and prospering Patagonia is vital, for tomorrow Argentina will not only expect but will be expected to take her rightful place in the counsels of the Powers. Exports from thriving, bustling Patagonia will swell the capacity of Argentina cheaply to feed the colossal tracts of starving India and Africa, beside helping tired Europe to re-establish a diet conducive to normal work and play it has not known since 1939. Argentina will automatically swing the broad policies of more populous and currently louder-voiced governments now unconscious of her existence. I foresee enormous settlements in Patagonia, where 25 Belgians can be put down in comfort, of Palestinian Arabs, Egyptians, Japanese, Chinese, Italians, Germans, maybe more Welsh and English, and Croats. To these would-be immigrants of tomorrow I could repeat the dramatic phrases spoken to me in the little known town of Obera, in the Province of Misiones, on the edge of the Brazilian jungle frontier, about 1,000 miles north of Buenos Aires. They pioneered in the forests, worked hard for a decade, had mails once a year, succeeded, now have peace, poise, homes, cars, cattle, sheep, horses, families, a sense of citizenship. They told me of "home" in the Saar and Bavaria, Japan and the Ukraine, Switzerland, Sweden, Croatia. Yet none expressed the slightest wish to leave his "new land." The attachment is sound. I listened to them a few yards from the school with pupils representing 46 nationalities.

I was spell-bound, left my heart on the Chilean mountain frontier, amid the fjords, lochs, lakes, rivers and eternal snows around Bariloche, the town that makes loveliest Switzerland look like a tired Lyons tea-shop near Claridges. The English hostess at Estancia El Condor, where gauchos, her husband and I shared a giant *assado* at six in readiness for lamb-marking among 2,000 sheep, seemed incongruous by the side of snow on sinister crags, or gentle slopes with rich vegetation in sight of mirror lakes. What of the tall scot, in Harris tweed jacket and creaseless flannels, whose Chilean-English wife playing on a full size table could have given me two blacks with assurance—on the borders of the Antarctic Ocean, on the island of Tierra del Fuego, 2,000 miles south of Buenos Aires? He showed me the rolling plains of Rio Grande, which seemed a double of the terrible first hole at Warminster, near Frome, but my eyes rested on a few of his 200,000 sheep on 450,000 acres of favoured Argentina soil. The grandeur of the empty spaces, their silence, only broken by the gentle voice of my chauffeur, the Delegado and captain of the local air base, tugs, and calls, tugs.

About 150 miles away, south towards the Antarctic, I stood near Ushuaia,

among the sleigh dogs on leave from exploration work in the disputed sixth continent. Above me towered snow eight thousand feet away; by my side were beech trees, soft green turf, that could have been seen at Luffenham or Longcliffe, in the Midlands. But I knew I was not wholly alone, for coming nearer and nearer were the shadows of the thousands of men once exiled by governments to spend their whisp of time on earth on the dreaded island at the foot of Argentina, beneath the cold winds and storms by the Beagle Channel. They sought to tell me of those days. Peron long ago abolished the Ushuaia penal settlement—I saw the terrifying cells, the yards, the corridors under permanent observation by guards. To the tune of the unearthly symphony played by the waterfalls, the unseen animals in the jungle, the fabulously hued birds in the creepers and trees, I was intoxicated at Iguazu by the feast of loveliness and ethereal majesty. These cataracts on the Brazilian jungle border are reputed to be more awesome and wild than any others. For me they were an unforgettable thrill that makes so many others plain by comparison. As the waters struck this or that bank and helplessly I watched birds flying to death on one or other rock, I saw a tolerant blue sky, the raging tornado beneath the quiescent river, and around me the welcome absence of any other mortals. I wondered whether indeed I could be only 1,000 miles north of Buenos Aires, hurried to this outpost of another world in seven hours in the private machine lent me for a fortnight by the Air Minister. The Jewish colonists in Moysesville and in ancient Cordova, all so rested and content; the proud pioneers in the Eva Peron village in the garden of Argentina, the province governed by Dr. Carlos Evans, a practical idealist, Mendoza; the peace-making Mayor in the village formerly run by Bovril Estates; Britons in the Bovril Empire who have not been home for 40 years and still listen to the London news at an unearthly hour. These are other memories.

I shall not easily forget the scene in a prison where a celebrated musician stood alone in the chapel and played a Kreisler favourite—seven years after being found guilty of murder. I spoke to dozens of assassins in any and every prison I mentioned, watched the admiration and respect in which the former Governor of Ushuaia, now Director-General of Prisons, Senor R. Pettinato, was greeted by old "friends" and officials. He has introduced reforms by the dozen, showed me the classes for printing, sculpture, painting, carpet-weaving, textiles, car-repairs, language, foreign grammars, special rooms for good-conduct men in their last six months of detention. I saw yet a more remarkable sociological experiment—in which maybe Argentina is the world's leader. There were smiles and two hours of questions after the luncheon in the Chamber of Deputies, where I wondered whether here brains are not sufficient for qualification, and beauty is also required for a pass. The standard of questioning here, and also in the offices of "*La Prensa*," by a brilliant professor and the editor and staff, may be gauged if I say that it ranged from Spenglerism, the Third Force, Britain's hopes of economic and political independence, Argentina's future frontiers, the problem of the tiny price to Britain of a vast amount of Argentine good-will, "the arid and strategically useless Falklands."

Socialist experiments by Peron, youthful, agile, sad and lonely since the death of his comrade and wife, make him the idol of sufficient millions of workers and professional folk to ensure the party's easy return. External

influences explain the differences between the regime and some sections of the State-subsidised Church. The services are not unanimously behind the Party, but the C.G.T., led by an astute and energetic realist Senor Vuletic, whose microphone manner is skilled and effective, is a good counterpoise. Most important of all are the newly enfranchised women, who do not forget the harsh, bitter, humiliating nights in the day—before Peron's rise to power. Their chief is the fascinating and inflexible Peronista, Senora Delia de Parodi, aged about 35, slim, brunette whose flashing eyes bring tears to male as well as her own audiences. With the English-speaking, informal vice-president of the State, chief of the Peronista (male) Party, Admiral Teisaire, these two others join Peron in all the important and intimate discussions—before action. Often these three leaders arrive in their offices at the same time as Peron, 6.20 a.m. and finish around ten or eleven or midnight. But Peron's shadow in power is the quiet, shy, inaccessible Senor Borlenghi, whose answers to my fire of questions for two hours were as imposing for reflection, candour and depth as for tolerance. This Minister of the Interior and of Justice knows more of prison life than any of his colleagues, but I saw no trace of vinegar.

Argentina's policy over immigration is not settled. The economic questions seem to be in mid-air. America is furnishing daily increasing credits, however, and investments on a fabulous scale. Britain lags tragically, nowhere. None, however, need doubt for a moment the inevitable triumphs of Argentina as a great new power. This Empire is rising surely, and we should be conscious all the time of the need quickly, generously, to help cultivate here wonderful new grafts from the old trees in arid, desolate, divided, over-crowded and exhausted Europe. We must send her envoys she will welcome, encourage Spanish teaching, forget any bitternesses over rail or tram or other deals, think of her as an absolute equal, and recognise that with us on the shores stand Germans, Italians, Spaniards and Americans. Peron's mediation may save our peace.

GEORGE BILAINKIN.

### COUNT MICHAEL KAROLYI

COUNT MICHAEL KAROLYI finished his stormy existence at an advanced age last month in solitude and silence on the French Riviera. He has often been compared to Kerensky, the Girondists, and other Liberals brought to power by a revolutionary wave, and like Goethe's apprentice magician were victims of the ghosts they had called up. His political career spanned forty odd years, yet the five months of his melancholy passage in power in 1918/19 are almost all that is remembered. There is some foundation for this version, but it is an over-simplification. The example of moderate revolutionaries who were overthrown by their more radical partisans constitutes a recurring argument against revolutions. Yet recent history suggests caution. In our own life-time we have seen Conservatives become the modern Girondists; witness the case of Papen and the Prussian military party, many of whom ended on Hitler's gallows; Victor Emmanuel confronted by Fascism, Badoglio superseded by the

"Partisans"; the loyal and patriotic French officers who suddenly saw the Liberation transformed into social warfare, and last but not least the Hungarian Regent Horthy in 1944—all of whom, with their conservative ideals, were as helpless in their disillusion as moderate revolutionaries in the face of revolution. The argument against the Liberals who open the gates upon paths which, paved with good intentions, prove to be those of Hell, remains valid, but experience teaches us to use it with humility. If the whole truth concerning Károlyi were not more complex than this there is still something which distinguishes him from the usual analogies. The barristers of the Duma and the Menshevik Trade Union leaders had no ancestors who received their nobility titles many centuries ago. Nor did they wander in their youth in the company of private tutors from the Sorbonne to Heidelberg and from there to Oxford; nor did their nearest relations wear the Golden Fleece round their necks, nor did they shoot tiger in the company of English Dukes Royal in India in the 'nineties. Few if any Labour politicians of today bear the scars of memorable political duels—almost an obligation for Hungarian M.P.s before 1914—as Károlyi did.

Born in Paris in the family palace overlooking the Seine in 1875, Károlyi's youth was divided between Hungary and France, where he was equally at home, with frequent visits to England and extensive travelling in exotic lands. Though a childhood operation to his palate distorted his pronunciation in every language, he spoke four with equal ease, but in his writing astonishing spelling mistakes occurred. As his youth was divided between countries, so the education of his feelings was divided between rival feminine influences. His grandmother, Countess Károlyi-Zichy, was one of Kossuth's companions in exile in England and Italy in the 'fifties and 'sixties of last century; his step-mother, Princess Pálffy, was deeply devoted to the dynasty, with which the Károlyis, "rebels" in 1849, became reconciled after their return from exile. Catholic education was natural in the family. His French cousins, the Polignacs, the Dillons and D'Orsays, made the sign of the Cross when the hated names of Gambetta or Clemenceau were mentioned—contrary to *bon ton*. Some of his Hungarian cousins voted for Liberal Church laws in Parliament, while his stepmother and her children went to daily Mass in the family chapel to offer expiation for them. The decisive influence in his early life was, however, a Catholic one, though it did not give him peace. His uncle Count Alexander Károlyi, the pioneer of Hungarian land reform and founder of the Agrarian Association, was a friend of Albert de Mun and, like the latter, was a social reformer inspired by the principles of the *Rerum Novarum*. It was Count Alexander who gave Michael Marx and Engels to read, in order to cure him of his "Liberal-Capitalist illusions," for in his youth he was an extremist of the Manchester school; but this proved an overdose of counter-poison. In Hungary hereditary Peers could be elected to Parliament if they meanwhile renounced their seat in the Upper House, and Károlyi was twice a Member of Parliament by this means.

In the short-lived Parliament of 1905/6 and the long Parliament of 1910-18 he belonged to the United Independence Party, which elected him President—perhaps in recognition of his generous contribution to the electoral expenses of the Opposition; before 1914 his income was estimated



at fifty odd thousand pounds a year. The "Independence Party" was not extremist. It wanted an independent Hungarian army, more Hungarian influence in foreign affairs, and the severing of the customs union with Austria, while retaining the personal union under the Crown. The Károlyi group broke away from the main party in 1916 as a gesture against the German alliance. Although as an officer of the reserve he did his duty on the Russian front, he had already tried on the eve of the war to make a rapprochement with the West a crucial plank in the opposition platform against the Premier Count Stephen Tisza. Contemporaries believed this statesman to be utterly devoted to Germany; from documents published since, we know that he preserved his independence and strongly opposed a policy of annexation. In his opposition to Tisza, as in his Slav sympathies and his championing of a democratic suffrage, Károlyi was not far removed from the ideas of Archduke Francis Ferdinand's circle; but his position in Parliament became an isolated one, for only a fraction of his party followed him the whole way. The Radical intellectual group and the Socialist Party—both outside Parliament until 1918—supported him. If the young Emperor-King Karl had succeeded in May, 1917, in concluding a separate peace, Károlyi might have played a part in a coalition government with these new forces. It was his personal tragedy, as well as his country's, that this endeavour was frustrated. Italy said No to the separate peace proposals, and on the other hand it looked too difficult for Austria-Hungary to separate her forces from the German High Command.

Károlyi's call to office came much too late, at the end of October, 1918. Perhaps the policy he pursued would have been in better hands with a man of more balanced judgement, less impulsive temperament and less impressionable mind, but this was only one of the many causes of his tragic failure. By October, 1918, the Czech and Yugoslav émigré groups, at first used by the Allies as a tool, had claimed full independence for the new national states. The agrarian reform, originally approved in principle by the Catholic Hierarchy and many landowners, had either extremist partisans or Socialist opponents who preferred nationalisation to Károlyi's idea of small-holdings. The army was in full dissolution, and with the formation of the new independent states the Monarchy lost its *raison d'être* as a supranational link. The Allies treated the situation superficially as a military emergency. They were reluctant to restrain the Yugoslav, Rumanian and Czech occupation of Hungarian territory. Communist agents arrived from Russia, led by an almost unknown Social-democrat Béla Kun, who soon became a power, mainly because some nationalist officers thought Communist Russia to be the only possible ally against Hungary's voracious neighbours. In Turkey, Mustapha Kemal succeeded because he accepted Russian help, without ceding power to Communism. Károlyi failed, partly because he was himself unable to resist the new *mystique*. He could see no future for the small nations except in an international socialist system.

The Counter-revolution was bitterly hostile to Károlyi. Little personal hatred follows nonentities like Béla Kun, but Károlyi was the bearer of a great national name, whom his fellow-aristocrats and even the middle class of his country could never forgive. Hatred followed him in his exile, and resentment in the subsequent years prevented him from taking a just view



of his country. The sorry epilogue of his return to Hungary in 1945 and his Embassy to Paris in the service of the new "Democracy" is best passed over in silence. Old resentment explains it, his resignation partly repaired it, but nothing excuses it. The early Károlyi and the Hungarian tragedy of 1918/19 will remain a subject of controversy. Among the personal tragedies of a European generation Károlyi's is one of the most outstanding.

BÉLA MENCZER.

## MME DU BARRY—II.

"THE King is most kind and I love him dearly," reported Marie Antoinette in her first letter to the Empress; "but his weakness for Mme du Barry—the most stupid and impertinent creature imaginable—is pitiful. She has joined in our play every evening at Marly. Twice she sat next to me but she did not speak to me, and I did not converse with her though I spoke to her when it was unavoidable. As regards my dear husband he has greatly improved. He is most friendly to me and even begins to show me confidence." She confessed that her mother's letters brought tears to her eyes, "*quoique je suis très bien ici.*" The Austrian Ambassador reported that she was adored by her entourage and the public. "There is only one opinion about the Dauphine," wrote Mme du Deffand to Horace Walpole: "*elle grandit, elle embellit, elle est charmante.*" "The Dauphine is always charming and livelier than ever," reported the King to his grandson in Parma in 1771. The only shadow in the picture was the frigidity of her husband, of whom the King contemptuously remarked: "*Il n'est pas un homme comme les autres.*"

While the anxious Empress was receiving cheerful letters from her daughter and reassuring bulletins from her Ambassador a bomb exploded under her feet. "I command my cousin the Duc de Choiseul," wrote the King on December 24, 1770, "to place his resignation as Minister of State and of the Post Office in the hands of the Duc de la Vrillière, and to retire to Chanteloup to await my further commands." His cousin the Duc de Choiseul-Praslin, Secretary of the Navy, received his *congé* on the same day. "The Duc de Choiseul will only see his family and those whom I permit to go," wrote the King to the Duc de la Vrillière, and he was to leave Paris within twenty-four hours. On receiving the letter of dismissal at Versailles the fallen Minister drove to Paris and broke the news to his wife. To the Duchess it came as a relief, but beneath the smiling serenity of Choiseul burned a fierce resentment. Observers who were closest to events were the least surprised. Choiseul, commented the Austrian Ambassador to the Empress, had dug his own grave by his indiscretions. "His continuance in office much longer would have surprised me much more than his fall. Let us hope his successor will not be an even greater muddler." The Empress took the news with less complacency, and the Dauphine shared her mother's regret at the disgrace of the stoutest champion of the alliance. Louis XV thought it necessary to assure the King of Spain that French policy would undergo no change. It was a revolution, declared Horace Walpole, who followed events in

France more closely than any other Englishman. "Choiseul has lost his power ridiculously," he wrote to his old friend Sir Horace Mann, "by braving a *fille de joie* to humour two women—his sister and his wife."

The reaction of the capital was shown by the crowd of carriages which blocked the street in which Choiseul lived. His cheerful temperament and lavish hospitality had won him a host of friends, and a demonstration in his favour served the double purpose of expressing disapproval of the Favourite and the King. Still more striking proof of his popularity was the flood of visitors to his country home in Touraine. To go to Chanteloup, declared Mme du Deffand, was to go to Court. "He is not only the best of men but the greatest of the century," she added; "he will bulk much larger in history than he does today." The ostentatious homage to a fallen statesman was correctly interpreted by the King no less than by his subjects as an indication of the declining prestige of the Crown. Such a manifestation would have been unthinkable in the reign of Louis XIV. His successor was at once too indolent to rule and too easy-going to punish.

Under the shock of indignation Choiseul drafted a stinging letter which on second thoughts he decided not to send. "Sire, I was appointed Foreign Minister by Your Majesty eleven years ago without desiring or expecting it, and I obeyed with reluctance. Since the peace Your Majesty has known how little I have clung to office and the favour it implies. I should feel grateful to Your Majesty for relieving me but for the fact that I have had the misfortune to forfeit the favour of Your Majesty. I was warned of intrigues, for there was no concealment of their plans. But I was deceived by your good opinion of my services, and I could not believe that Your Majesty would conceal my disgrace till the last moment. It is quite simple that Your Majesty considers me unworthy of his confidence and unfitted for my posts. I desire for the glory of Your Majesty and the good of the state that my successors will serve Your Majesty as well as myself. I venture to say that I have not deserved the veto on my movements. I do not ask for kindness to myself. But Your Majesty is just, and I beg for my freedom of movement as the last favour I shall ever ask."

Choiseul settled down to the life of a wealthy nobleman in his sumptuous country home. To Bernis, now French Ambassador in Rome, who wrote to condole, he replied that he had foreseen it for some time and had never felt happier. Yet the loss of his highly paid offices was a heavy blow to a self-indulgent man who had never attempted to live within his income, and even the ample fortune of his wife failed to cover his expenditure. He built, hunted, gambled, and filled the house with dozens of guests at a time. He had his failings, but he knew how to make and keep friends. Though d'Aiguillon, his successor at the Foreign Office, pressed his master to punish his visitors, the King replied that if he were younger he would feel annoyed, but at his age he only wanted peace. The first request for permission brought the reply that he neither forbade nor allowed visits, a formula correctly interpreted as a tacit assent. Never again was such homage to be paid to a fallen demigod till Bismarck withdrew to Friedrichruh. Perhaps some of his visitors may have speculated on his possible return to office on the accession of the Dauphin, but selfish considerations are insufficient to explain the lure of Chanteloup.

Choiseul attributed his dismissal less to the Favourite than to Richelieu

and the King. Ever since the death of the Pompadour the First Gentleman of the Bedchamber had been searching for another royal mistress who, like the Duchesse de Châteauroux, would owe her position in large measure to his support. Among the early occupations of the statesman's enforced leisure was the composition of his Memoirs in which he paid off old scores. "However low my opinion of the King, I think he would never have decided on the presentation of Mme du Barry unless he had been encouraged by Richelieu, and I believe she would never have aspired to presentation without his advice. He would have been able to pass for an old debauchee still amiable in society if he had been wise enough to content himself with the only rôle which suited him. His intelligence, apart from certain graces, is very mediocre. He indulged in fantastic ambitions, convinced that all means were good. His embassy in Vienna was a failure, but he thought himself a great politician. He had courage, commanded armies, and thinks he was a great General. He thought himself fitted for administration. He was brought up at Court, secured a post by intrigue, and he thought intrigue could lead to the highest place. Unaware of the very narrow limits of his abilities he considered himself equal to everything, and when he missed his goal he always attributed it to the jealousy of Ministers. He thought me jealous of him, but I was not. I think of him only as a figure of fun in all his posts. He is the hero of the degradation to which France owes the indecent elevation and extraordinary capacity for mischief of the woman du Barry. The unfortunate character of the King would have been unable to make the kingdom groan so long if he had not been sustained and guided by vice personified in M. de Richelieu." What Choiseul thought of the ungrateful monarch we have seen in an earlier chapter. For Mme du Barry he made allowances, recognising that such a *fille de rien* was bound to fight for her own hand. When his request to the King to continue some of the ample revenues he had enjoyed in his simultaneous tenure of various posts was rejected, he appealed to her to plead his cause, and the good-natured creature managed to save something from the wreck. Many years later, when she too had received her *congé*, she was visited by the man whose fall she had helped to engineer. She greeted him with the words: "It is good of you not to have retained bitter feelings for me." "I never had any," replied Choiseul. His bitterness was reserved for the King.

The vacuum left by the fall of Choiseul was filled by his two chief enemies at Court. The Foreign Office was assigned to the Duc d'Aiguillon who had long coveted the post though his qualifications for high office were few. Of very different calibre was Maupeou, an elderly lawyer who had been First President of the *Parlement* of Paris and was appointed Chancellor in 1768. His first task was to take up the long-standing challenge to the Absolute Monarchy represented by the claims of the *Parlements*. In his Memoirs Choiseul attributes the attack solely to the selfish desire to fortify the royal power, but there was also a case for drastic reform. The whole system of justice was riddled with hoary abuses, among them the purchase of posts, presents to judges, and lack of a modernised jurisprudence. Two years before Maupeou's appointment Louis XV had restated the claim to autocracy in resonant phrases. "It is in my person that sovereign power resides; the Courts derive their power from myself alone; to me

alone belongs the legislative power. If the *Parlements* continue the scandalous spectacle of a challenge to my sovereign power, I shall feel compelled to employ the authority received from God in order to preserve my peoples from the tragic consequences of such enterprises." The warning, published in the *Gazette de France*, was addressed to all the *Parlements* of France. Never had there been so vigorous an assertion of rights; but never had the voice of the monarch produced so little effect, for no one believed that the feeble ruler would match words with deeds. The *Parlements* continued their remonstrances, and in 1767 the *Parlement* of Paris decreed the expulsion of the Jesuits despite the secret disapproval of the King. If the royal authority was to be energetically reasserted it would have to be achieved, not by the ruler, but by a Minister backed by the royal authority and resolved to overcome all opposition. Maupeou summoned Voltaire to his aid, for, though no lover of monarchical absolutism he preferred it to the selfish pretensions of reactionary magistrates. His last historical work *Histoire du Parlement de Paris*, published pseudonymously at Amsterdam in 1769, listed its misdoings through the centuries from the brutal suppression of the Knights Templars to the inglorious reign of Louis XV.

Maupeou's chance came in 1770 when the *Parlement* of Rennes, in union with the Estates of Brittany, censured the Duc d'Aiguillon, Governor of the Province, for continuing war taxes in time of peace. Though the King held his shield over his representative, the *Parlement* declared that he could not perform his duties till he was formally acquitted. Incensed by opposition, the King removed the registers of the *Parlement*, whereupon the magistrates declined to sit. The case was transferred to the *Parlement* of Paris, whose members approved the action of their colleagues. Though a *lit de justice*—the *ultima ratio* of the royal prerogative—annulled the decree, the *Parlement* of Paris condemned d'Aiguillon and was supported by all the *Parlements* of France. The King had always disliked the magistrates, in whom he detected a republican spirit, and Choiseul's supposed sympathy with their claims was one of the excuses for his disgrace. While the attack on the Jesuits had been reluctantly sanctioned by the King, the Chancellor's campaign against the only institutions which challenged his autocracy commanded his entire approval. On the night of January 21, 1771, all the magistrates were arrested and exiled to different parts of France. Having cleared the site, Maupeou proceeded to construct a new edifice. A *lit de justice* at Versailles imposed three edicts, the first suppressing the *Cour des Aides*, the second forbidding the sale of offices and replacing the hereditary magistrates by royal nominees, the third creating a new *Parlement* which, in the words of the King, would provide quicker and purer justice. A Supreme Tribunal was established in Paris with six *Conseils Supérieurs* in the provinces, and the members of the Provincial *Parlements* were also dismissed. The Chancellor's triumph was brief, for the prestige of the new magistrates was irretrievably damaged when the wife of one of their number was charged with corruption and her husband was forced to resign by Beaumarchais, the most brilliant pamphleteer in France after Voltaire. Though Goezman was the only blemished sheep in the flock, the incident compromised his colleagues and on the death of Louis XV Maupeou's work was undone. The Chancellor

was dismissed, the old magistrates were recalled, and the unreformed system lingered on till the Revolution. The whole drama illustrates the inability of the Government to loosen the grip of vested interests on the rare occasions when it tried.

G. P. GOOCH.

*To be continued*

## PINERO A CENTENARY

**A** HUNDRED years since the birth of the creator of Paula Tanqueray! We have been so accustomed to thinking of him as a figure of just yesterday—if of a faded yesterday which it was impossible to recall or revive for a while without provoking the scoffers—that it is a jolt to find him a part of history, moving as it were among those shadowy figures surrounding his own Trelawney, to the sound of ghostly applause and hisses. Yet undoubtedly Arthur Wing Pinero, son of a London solicitor of Portuguese Jewish descent, made his first appearance on this mortal stage on May 24th, 1855. Now, more than twenty years after his death, the costumes, and even the manners of his heyday are being discovered to have a certain charm; and even the precise articulation of his plays, once despised, is now sometimes adduced in disparagement of more modern and less careful work. For so long—up to perhaps the beginning of the last War—he was customarily brought forward as a sort of playwriting puppet to be beaten, Punch fashion, to the greater glory of certain other playwrights, notably Bernard Shaw. It is not easy for those of us of a certain age to readjust our views of him and to realise that he occupies a not prominent but a distinctly honourable niche in the English dramatic pantheon.

The long decline in the status of the writer for the stage from about the close of the seventeenth century to the second half of Queen Victoria's reign had many complicated causes. They are still debated. One of them was decidedly not the prevalence of great acting during the period, as has been vaguely suggested. A little streak of dawning better things came with Thomas William Robertson. Enduring the hardships of failure in a theatre not much different from that of the great Crummles, obscure journalist of the old "Bohemian" cast, he lived a life that was a sort of sad and bedraggled romance, culminating traditionally in success and a too-early death. Robertson's masterpiece "Caste," is still sometimes given (a notable revival was at the Lyric, Hammersmith, soon after the last war) because it is easy to make it amusing and effective; but what strikes us at once about this comedy allegedly of ordinary people is its unreality and conventionality. Yet its language was less highflown, its sentiments much less heroic or diabolical than was usual; and in its staging were concentrated certain tendencies towards reproduction of the world outside, so that the old scene of "backcloths" and "wings" and hastily assembled properties began slowly to tend towards the sometimes too, too solid "set" of the modern West End Theatre. Undoubtedly this achievement of a limited realism was a big step towards an English drama once again



worthy of the country's literature. Great drama is rarely solely or even perhaps largely realistic; but in this case realism represented one of those rules which in all arts have to be learned before they can be broken fruitfully. The old un-realism was sterile, for it consisted of stock attitudes, sentiments, language—fittingly enough provided for the old stock companies, with stock actors, heavy fathers, juvenile leads and the like.

The next stage is represented by a number of dramatists of varying talent, among whom stand out Henry Arthur Jones, and above all Pinero. Pinero nursed his ambition to be both actor and dramatist at first in his father's office, doubtless taking note of the "characters" who passed in and out; then at nineteen stepped on to the stage of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, at a guinea a week. Luck and ability combined to gain him a place in Irving's Lyceum company at twenty-two. He was a sound if not apparently brilliant actor, though by the time, a few years later, he felt able to leave acting and concentrate upon writing he had advanced to so considerable a part as Sir Anthony Absolute in the Bancroft's production of "The Rivals." At the Lyceum he gained a name for liveliness and wit and audacity, and even the impressive and oppressive actor-manager allowed him something like a position of privilege. Once Irving saw him sitting on a piece of scenery that stood upright in the wings. "Get up, my boy, get up. You will cut yourself." "Oh, that will be all right, Mr. Irving. We are accustomed to having our parts cut in this theatre."

This was pretty bold, for it touched one of the biggest blemishes on Irvin's artistic fame. He did not, as has been alleged, purposely engage indifferent actors to support him, but he did cut the parts of his faithful and gifted fellow-workers so that his own was always pre-eminent.

By the time Pinero retired from acting in 1884 he had already had a dozen or more plays produced, some of them only curtain-raisers, it is true; but "The Money Spinner" and "The Squire" suggested a developing talent of some importance. Then in his thirtieth year there seemed to be a leap forward, and he produced a series of farces which still have life in them—"The Schoolmistress," "The Magistrate," and particularly "Dandy Dick." In this latter piece—revived in London in 1930 and again soon after the last war—a Dean is depicted who with delightful unwisdom offers to put down £1,000 towards the restoration of his cathedral providing nine other people do the same; and when nine do come forward is obliged to find his share by commissioning his butler to back a horse for him, and—caught administering a bran mash to the animal on which his pious hopes are pinned—is arrested on suspicion of trying to poison it on the eve of the race. There is neat wit in the dialogue of these plays, and satire which does not accord with the notion of Pinero as the mere purveyor of what a limited and Philistine epoch asked from him.

Nevertheless, "Sweet Lavender," which came next, was a comedy suffused with that full-blown indulgence and "kindly humanity" which we associate with the great novelists of the nineteenth century when they were not in their best vein. The character of Dick Phenyl, the barrister who studied the bottle more than the brief but kept a sterling heart intact, was played by the famous comedian Edward Terry during the then stupendous total of 684 performances. Meanwhile Pinero was busy with



his first play then accounted "advanced." This was "The Profligate," a work, of some power ending, as he wrote it, tragically; but John Hare, who produced the play, suggested, in the words of a characteristic contemporary account, "to Mr. Pinero that, as a matter of expediency, it would be well to alter his *dénouement* so as to bring about a reconciliation between the reformed profligate and his innocent wife." This comforting modification was made, so that the cup of poison was almost literally dashed from the profligate's lips in the nick of time; but those whom this moves to mockery must consider the facts of Pinero's subsequent career.

Four plays of lesser importance followed, and then came "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." When the script of this famous play was put in Hare's hands, he dropped it as though it had burned him. Even George Alexander, an old colleague of Pinero's Lyceum days now successfully managing the St. James's Theatre, doubted whether "the public would stand it." Alexander, however, decided in the end to risk it; and for the part of Paula Tanqueray he and Pinero found the very actress they needed, playing ridiculous parts in Adelphi melodrama. The record of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's waywardness and her quarrels with Alexander both during rehearsals and the run of the piece, is part of theatrical history (to a message from the actor manager asking her kindly not to laugh at him on the stage she sent the reply "She never laughed at Mr. Alexander on the stage: she waited until she got home"); but what must be emphasised now is that considering the nature of the part and Mrs. Campbell's playing of it, there is no doubt that something sensationally new greeted that eager gossiping public of 1893. To us it seems an extension of the work of Dumas *fils* and Augier in the Paris of the fifties and sixties; but the name of the bugbear Ibsen was freely mentioned in connection with the play. (A couple of years before the first English productions of "Ghosts" and "Hedda Gabler" had provoked a fearful riot of senseless, prejudiced criticism.) In truth, however, there is no specific link between this superficial story of a misalliance in Mayfair and Ibsen's studies of petty Norwegian provincial life, in which somehow the destinies of the human race are involved.

Aubrey Tanqueray, a widower, to the consternation of his friends, marries a woman who has been the kept mistress of several men. Paula, with no inner resources or energy to cultivate outside interests independent of ordinary society, rapidly discovers the miseries of ostracism in Tanqueray's country house, "Highercoombe, near Willowmere, Surrey"—a veritable fiery furnace, it might be thought, in which to test such a marriage. Then, by a coincidence which is the great flaw in the play and which no amount of sedulous "construction" can retrieve, Tanqueray's daughter by his previous marriage has become engaged to a man who himself, it turns out, had lived with Paula. Finally, Paula kills herself, immediately provoking us to ask whether she was the kind of person who really would do so. Still, Hedda killed herself in the last act, and Paula's flattering imitation may have strengthened those violent shouts of "Ibsenism" which seem to us so far away, so quaintly jangling, and so foolish. It is impossible to speak of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" with anything remotely like unqualified admiration nowadays; but, however strange it may seem, it was nothing less than the most important serious

play in the English language for two hundred years or so, if we except certain blank verse dramas which have not kept the stage. Also it shares with another vulnerable and ridiculed work, Donizetti's "Lucia," an odd characteristic—it simply won't die. The level Pinero reached with "Tanqueray" he sustained, with some lapses, for about twenty years, earning vast sums and giving scope to practically all the best actors and actresses of the epoch.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell was again his leading lady in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," the next serious play. This was about a woman represented to be "advanced," an agitator and a freethinker, but alas, this choice of subject only put weapons in the hands of those, including the redoubtable G. B. S., who really were these things; and they greeted with guffaws the *scene à faire*, in which Mrs. Ebbsmith threw a Bible into the fire, and, then, moved by some inexplicable impulse, retrieved it just in time to become "a different woman." It was, however, the exquisite Max, certainly no agitator, who said delightfully when the play was revived in 1901 that it belonged "to the period when Mr. Pinero was respectfully begging to call your attention to his latest assortment of Spring Problemings (Scandinavian gents' own materials made up. West End style and fit guaranteed)." Though the Ibsen cut was later less in evidence, what was bespoke at this imposing establishment continued to be in much the same style through a long series of plays: "The Benefit of the Doubt," "The Princess and the Butterfly" "The Gay Lord Quex," "Iris," "His House in Order" (with 430 performances, his most successful serious play), "The Thunderbolt," "Mid-Channel," and so on. In most of these plays a by no means despicable central idea is worked out in a way which shows keen observation, awareness of the life surrounding the writer, of the manners and indeed of the emotions of many different sorts of people; and yet. . . . It is not just that the strings of the puppets are sometimes visible, that the machinery he invents to carry on his fable sometimes has unnecessary elaboration, as though by an un-whimsical Heath Robinson; the atmosphere is arid, and insight stops short at a point where it becomes evident that the writer is wanting in all that, for want of a pleasanter word, we must call culture.

No doubt a case could be made out for Pinero as a reading man; but Max, this time forsaking his polished irony, proclaimed that his literary style was that of "a penny-a-liner." William Archer, on the other hand, always impressed by the evidence of conscious skill and painstaking in Pinero's work, rated his fellow critics who "are inclined to minimise his genius simply because his ear for current speech is not unerring." At any rate, it would be possible to compile a dictionary of the Pinerovian language: "commence" for begin, "select" for choose, "observe" for see or notice, "individual" for man, woman or child, and so on; perhaps his best-known personal epigram was "A comedy is a farce by a deceased author"—which seems a shaft aimed at the "deceased" Goldsmith and Sheridan with their Malaprops and Lumpkins and other characters broader than life. We do not count the prose dialogue of either as showing supreme mastery of that medium; but with both it has a savour and a suppleness above all comparison with Pinero's. In fact, in this brief saying is perfectly embodied what we might call the Pinerovian predicament—

the conviction that precise imitation is the aim of the drama, and the inability to realise that even that cannot be attained without a formidable degree of literary sophistication. Yet it is only fair to say that Pinero, whether spurred by constant criticism or not, did make considerable progress in this matter. There is little that would have troubled even Max in "Dr. Harmer's Holidays" an accomplished and interesting if slight essay on a sombre theme, which he wrote in 1924. It was published in 1930, but never performed—though the latest plays of Bernard Shaw were dragged upon the boards almost before the writer had finished transcribing his celebrated shorthand, and greeted with uneasy deference by the critics.

What if anything of Pinero's large output will live? For the subject and the setting of one play he followed a happy inspiration back to the days of his youth in the theatre and beyond to the London stage as Dickens knew it, and as Pinero must have learned of it from his older colleagues of "the profession." Even Robertson himself appears in it, in the guise of Tom Wrench, the obscure actor who finally achieves recognition as a dramatist of an original kind. Bernard Shaw, fuller than ever Robertson had been with a drama of the future, and perhaps not quite fair to Pinero's work in preparing for it, spoke in "The Saturday Review" of "a delicacy of mood 'inspiring the whole play' which has touched me more than anything else Mr. Pinero has ever written." Authentic plays about players themselves are rare, and a little piece so fragrant as "Trelawney of the Wells" may charm generations to come to whom Robertson and Pinero and Shaw, and Coward and O'Casey for that matter may seem almost contemporaries. (The piece was revived at the Old Vic shortly before the last war.) The dialogue, moreover, has no false note, and indeed many felicities.

Pinero was never a great "personality" before the public, and was more than content that this should be so, though he made no pretence of not enjoying the very luscious fruits of his success. All doors were open to him; King Edward VII would ask him to lunch or dinner at Marienbad. Pinero, though sociable, fled society, and was happiest at the Garrick Club or at the old Sussex farmhouse where he would work at his plays, steadily and painstakingly. In his dislike of the vulgar kinds of publicity he was at one with the famous players of his day, the Bancrofts, the Kendals, Irving himself, whose careful dignity and self-respect should refute the notion that "exhibitionism" is the mainspring of the actor's whole existence. His knighthood in 1909 came to him as a genuine surprise. One of the people who had persistently urged it on the Prime Minister (Asquith) was the man who had been most searchingly critical of his work—Bernard Shaw. Towards the end of his life he wrote to Shaw's American biographer, Archibald Henderson that it was among his misfortunes that "I have never been brought into close association with Mr. Shaw. But, like so many others, I have received at his hands numerous acts of kindness, consideration and good-will." The statement does honour to Pinero as much as to Shaw. The quiet decency of his bearing in public relations is conspicuous, and it is as it were the other side of his stout refusal to have his work cut or to be trampled on by actor-managers or that new arrival whom he loathed, the producer. His dramatic work was no doubt limited and faulty, but it was not, as many people think, timid;

with study of it the impression grows of a man determined that the public should accept him on his own terms, who had integrity and a remarkable honesty. That being established, who could refuse a centenary tribute?

DENZIL ENGLAND.

## AN EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNT OF SUTTEE

THE *TIMES* of October the 21st, 1954, gave a brief account from the *Statesman* and *Hindustan Times* of the widow of Brigadier Zabar Singh, comptroller to the Maharaja of Jodhpur, recently committing suttee in the funeral flames of her husband, in spite of the entreaties of her son and other relatives. 150 years ago, my grandfather, Maj. General Sir William Henry Sleeman, K.C.B., who later was to suppress the religion of murder in India known as thuggee, was present at a suttee and describes this in his "Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official," as follows:—"Gopalpur contains some very pretty temples, built for the most part to the memory of widows who have burned themselves with the remains of their husbands, and upon the very spot where they committed themselves to the flames. There was one which had been recently raised over the ashes of one of the most extraordinary old ladies that I have ever seen, who burned herself in my presence in 1829. I prohibited the building of any temple upon the spot, but my successor to the civil charge of the district, Major Low, was never, I believe, made acquainted with the prohibition nor with the progress of the work; which therefore went on to completion in my absence. As suttees are now prohibited in our dominions, and cannot be often seen or described by Europeans, I shall here relate the circumstances of this as they were recorded by me at the time, and the reader may rely upon the truth of the whole tale. On the 29th November, 1829, this old woman, then about sixty-five years of age, here mixed her ashes with those of her husband, who had been burned alone four days before. On receiving civil charge of the district (Jubbulpore) in March, 1828, I issued a proclamation prohibiting any one from aiding or assisting in suttee, and distinctly stating that to bring one ounce of wood for the purpose would be considered as so doing. If the woman burned herself with the body of her husband, any one who brought wood for the purpose of burning *him* would become liable to punishment; consequently the body of the husband must be first consumed, and the widow must bring a fresh supply for herself.

On Tuesday, 24th November, 1829, I had an application from the heads of the most respectable and most extensive family of Brahmans in the district to suffer this old woman to burn herself with the remains of her husband Ummed Singh Upadhya. I threatened to enforce my order, and punish severely any man who assisted; and placed a police guard for the purpose of seeing that no one did so. She remained sitting by the edge of the water without eating or drinking. The next day the body of her husband was burned to ashes in a small pit of about eight feet square, and three or four deep, before several thousand spectators who had assembled to see the suttee. All strangers dispersed before evening, as there seemed

to be no prospect of my yielding to the urgent solicitations of her family, who dare not touch food till she had burned herself, or declared herself willing to return to them. Her sons, grandsons and some other relations remained with her, while the rest surrounded my house, the one urging me to allow her to burn, and the other urging her to desist. She remained sitting on a bare rock in the bed of the Nerbudda, refusing every kind of sustenance, and exposed to the intense heat of the sun by day, and the severe cold of the night, with only a thin sheet thrown over her shoulders. On Thursday, to cut off all hope of her being moved from her purpose, she put on the *dhaja*, or coarse red turban, and broke her bracelets in pieces, by which she became dead in law, and for ever excluded from caste. Should she choose to live after this, she could never return to her family. Her children and grandchildren were still with her, but all their entreaties were unavailing; and I became satisfied that she would starve herself to death, if not allowed to burn, by which the family would be disgraced, her miseries prolonged, and I myself rendered liable to be charged with a wanton abuse of authority, for no prohibition of the kind had as yet received the formal sanction of the Government.

On Saturday, the 28th, in the morning, I rode out ten miles to the spot and found the poor old widow sitting with the *dhaja* round her head, a brass plate before her with undressed rice and flowers, and a coco-nut in each hand. She talked very collectedly, telling me that 'she had determined to mix her ashes with those of her departed husband, and should patiently wait my permission to do so, assured that God would enable her to sustain life till that had been given, though she dare not eat or drink.' Looking at the sun, then rising before her over a long and beautiful reach of the Nerbudda river, she said calmly, 'My soul has been for five days with my Husband's near that sun, nothing but my earthly frame is left; and this, I know, you will in time suffer to be mixed with the ashes of his in yonder pit, because it is not in your nature or usage wantonly to prolong the miseries of a poor old woman.'

'Indeed, it is not—my object and duty is to save and preserve you; and I am come to dissuade you from this idle purpose, to urge you to live, and to keep your family from the disgrace of being thought your murderers.'

'I am not afraid of their ever being so thought; they have all, like good children, done everything in their power to induce me to live among them; and, if I had done so, I know they would have loved and honoured me; but my duties to them have now ended. I commit them all to your care, and I go to attend my husband, *Ummed Singh Upadhya*, with whose ashes on the funeral pile mine have been already three times mixed.' This was the first time in her long life that she had ever pronounced the name of her husband, for in India no woman, high or low, ever pronounces the name of her husband—she would consider it disrespectful towards him to do so; and it is often amusing to see their embarrassment when asked the question by any European gentleman. They look right and left for some one to relieve them from the dilemma of appearing disrespectful either to the querist or to their absent husbands—they perceive that he is unacquainted with their duties on this point, and are afraid he will attribute their silence to disrespect. They know that few European gentlemen are acquainted



with them; and when women go into our courts of justice, or other places where they are liable to be asked the names of their husbands, they commonly take one of their children or some other relation with them to pronounce the words in their stead.

When the old lady named her husband, as she did with strong emphasis, and in a very deliberate manner, every one present was satisfied that she had resolved to die. 'I have,' she continued, 'tasted largely of the bounty of Government, having been maintained by it with all my large family in ease and comfort upon our rent-free lands; and I feel assured that my children will not be suffered to want; but with them I have nothing more to do, our intercourse and communion here end. My soul (*pran*) is with *Ummed Singh Upadhya*; and my ashes must here mix with his.' Again looking to the sun—'I see them together,' said she, with a tone and countenance that affected me a good deal, 'under the bridal canopy!'—alluding to the ceremonies of marriage; and I am satisfied that she at that moment really believed that she saw her own spirit and that of her husband under the bridal canopy in paradise. I tried to work upon her pride and her fears. I told her that it was probable that the rent-free lands by which her family had been so long supported might be resumed by the Government, as a mark of its displeasure against the children for not dissuading her from the sacrifice; that the temples over her ancestors upon the bank might be levelled with the ground, in order to prevent their operating to induce others to make similar sacrifices; and lastly, that not one single brick or stone should ever mark the place where she died if she persisted in her resolution. But, if she consented to live, a splendid habitation should be built for her among these temples, a handsome provision assigned for her support out of these rent-free lands, her children should come daily to visit her, and I should frequently do the same. She smiled, but held out her arm and said, 'My pulse has long ceased to beat, my spirit has departed, and I have nothing left but a little *earth*, that I wish to mix with the ashes of my husband. I shall suffer nothing in burning; and, if you wish proof, order some fire, and you shall see this arm consumed without giving me any pain.'

I did not attempt to feel her pulse, but some of my people did, and declared that it had ceased to be perceptible. At this time every native present believed that she was incapable of suffering pain; and her end confirmed them in their opinion. Satisfied myself that it would be unavailing to attempt to save her life, I sent for all the principal members of the family, and consented that she should be suffered to burn herself if they would enter into engagements that no other member of their family should ever do the same. This they all agreed to, and the papers having been drawn out in due form about midday, I sent notice to the old lady, who seemed extremely pleased and thankful. The ceremonies of bathing were gone through before three o'clock, while the wood and other combustible materials for a strong fire were collected and put into the pit. After bathing she called for a *pan* (betel leaf) and ate it, then rose up, and with one arm on the shoulder of her eldest son, and the other on that of her nephew, approached the fire. I had sentries placed all round, and no other person was allowed to approach within five paces. As she rose up fire was set to the pile, and it was instantly in a blaze. The distance was

about 150 yards. She came on with a calm and cheerful countenance, stopped once, and, casting her eyes upward, said 'Why have they kept me five days from thee, my husband?' On coming to the sentries her supporters stopped; she walked once round the pit, paused a moment, and, while muttering a prayer, threw some flowers into the fire. She then walked up deliberately and steadily to the brink, stepped into the centre of the flame, sat down, and leaning back in the midst as if reposing upon a couch, was consumed without uttering a shriek or betraying one sign of agony.

A few instruments of music had been provided, and they played, as usual, not, as is commonly supposed, in order to drown screams, but to prevent the last words of the victim from being heard, as these are thought to be prophetic, and might become sources of pain or strife to the living. It was not expected that I should yield, and but few people had assembled to witness the sacrifice, so that there was little or nothing in the circumstances immediately around to stimulate her to any extraordinary exertions; and I am persuaded that it was the desire of again being united to her husband in the next world, and the entire confidence that she would be so if she now burned herself, that alone sustained her. From the morning he died (Tuesday) till Wednesday evening she ate *pans*, or betel leaves, but nothing else; and from Wednesday evening she ceased eating them. She drank no water from Tuesday. She went into the fire with the same cloth about her that she had worn in the bed of the river; but it was made wet from a persuasion that even the shadow of any impure thing falling upon her from going to the pile contaminates the woman unless counteracted by the sheet moistened in the holy stream.

I must do the family the justice to say that they all exerted themselves to dissuade the widow from her purpose, and had she lived she would assuredly have been cherished and honoured as the first female member of the whole house. There is no people in the world among whom parents are more loved, honoured and obeyed than among the Hindus; and the grandmother is always honoured more than the mother. No queen upon her throne could ever have been approached with more reverence by her subjects than was this old lady by all members of her family as she sat upon a naked rock in the bed of the river, with only a red rag upon her head and a single white sheet over her shoulders. Soon after the battle of Trafalgar I heard a young lady exclaim, 'I could really wish to have had a brother killed in that action.' There is no doubt that a family in which a suttee takes place feels a good deal exalted in its own esteem, and that of the community by the sacrifice. The sister of the Raja of Riwa was one of four or five wives who burned themselves with the remains of the Raja of Udaipur; and nothing in the concourse of his life will ever be recollected by her brother with so much of pride and pleasure, since the Udaipur Raja is the head of the Rajput tribes. I asked the old lady when she had first resolved upon becoming a suttee, and she told me that about thirteen years before, while bathing in the river Nerbudda, near the spot where she then sat, with many other females of the family, the resolution had fixed in her mind as she looked at the splendid temples on the bank of the river erected by the different branches of the family over the ashes of her female relations who had at different times become suttees. Two, I think, were over her aunts, and one over the mother of her husband. They were beautiful

buildings, and had been erected at great cost and kept in good repair. She told me that she had never mentioned this her resolution to any one from that time, nor breathed a syllable on the subject till she called 'Sat, sat, sat,' (the masculine form of the word *suttee*), when her husband breathed his last with his head in her lap on the banks of the Nerbudda, to which he had been taken when no hope remained of his surviving the fever of which he died."

JAMES SLEEMAN.

## PROGRESS WITH PROFIT-SHARING

GREAT interest has been aroused by the recent announcement of Imperial Chemical Industries Limited that they are about to introduce a profit-sharing scheme from which 75,000 of their employees will benefit to start with, and the announcement by Courtaulds Limited that they propose to establish a scheme on similar lines. In a broad sense "profit-sharing" could be taken to mean all schemes for extra payments to workers over and above the wages agreed on; this would include the payment of cash bonuses out of profits by the employer as a voluntary act on his part on each occasion. It is estimated that about a quarter of all British firms are now practising profit-sharing in that wide sense. In this country, however, the term "profit-sharing" is generally used in a more limited sense to cover only schemes "in which an employer agrees with his employees that they shall receive, in addition to their wages, a share fixed beforehand in the profits realised." This excludes the payment of cash bonuses purely at the employer's discretion. There are a good many British firms that operate profit-sharing schemes in this more restricted sense and the number has been growing fairly rapidly since the Second World War, but unfortunately no post-war statistics have been published for the movement as a whole in the United Kingdom. The profit-sharing movement has also been making rapid progress in recent years in the U.S.A. In 1947 a U.S. Council of Profit-Sharing Industries was founded. Its membership has doubled each year since then and reached 625 member-firms with 700,000 workers in 1953. The profit paid out by the member-firms to their workers in 1952 amounted to \$125 million or about £45 million. According to a recent statement by the Bureau of Internal Revenue of the U.S.A., some 13,000 U.S. firms operate profit-sharing schemes and the number is growing at the rate of a hundred a month. Profit-sharing has had a fairly long history in France and the United Kingdom. It was first suggested by Turgot, the French statesman and financier of the 18th century, shortly before the French Revolution. The first scheme to be put into actual practice was that of the French National Fire Insurance Company; this was started in 1820 and is still working.

The first profit-sharing scheme in this country was established in 1829. The oldest British scheme still working is that which Frederick Braby & Company started in 1865. The Industrial Co-partnership Association was founded in 1884 to promote the profit-sharing movement. There were

27 schemes in operation in 1885; five of these are still working. The movement has made steady but slow progress on the whole, though with ups and downs according to the state of trade. Good progress has been made in times of rising prices and increasing profits. When profits have fallen in times of poor trade and falling prices, naturally the payments to the workers out of profits have fallen and their disappointment over this has led to some schemes being discontinued. In 1920 Mr. Seebohm Rowntree carried out a thorough investigation of all profit-sharing schemes that had existed up to then in Great Britain, whether they were still working or not. He reached the conclusion that about two-thirds of them, including some that had ceased working for various reasons, were definitely successful schemes, and that many of the other one-third had failed only because of avoidable mistakes in framing the schemes. In his book "*The Human Factor in Business*," Mr. Rowntree set out clearly the essential points required in a profit-sharing scheme in order that it may gain the workers' confidence and be reasonably sure of success. Fewer mistakes have been made in framing profit-sharing schemes since then. In 1894, 1912 and 1920 the Government published full official reports on the progress of the profit-sharing movement in this country. It is high time for another. For many years up to 1939 the Ministry of Labour published statistics of existing schemes and discontinued schemes once a year in the "*Ministry of Labour Gazette*." The figures were based on voluntary returns by industry and may not have been quite complete but they were a very useful guide to the general progress of the movement. The last publication of these annual figures was in August, 1939, when particulars were given of the position at the end of 1938. It is a great pity that the annual publication of the figures was not resumed as soon as possible after the War, and this certainly ought to be done without further delay.

One special form or development of profit-sharing is the "labour co-partnership" scheme, in which the amount allotted to a worker out of profits is invested for him in shares in the business. The first such scheme was started in 1894 by the South Metropolitan Gas Company and by 1926 the workers owned £500,000 of its capital. Many other gas companies in Great Britain adopted similar schemes and co-partnership became very strongly established in the gas industry. After the gas industry was nationalised, however, all these schemes were wound up. There was a rapid growth of interest in profit-sharing and co-partnership in the years just after the First World War and many new schemes were started in this country. But during the depression decade of 1929-38 the number of schemes in operation fell from about 500 to 400. The number of workers entitled to participate in the schemes rose, however, from 245,000 to 261,000, so that the movement was still growing a little even in that unfavourable period. The workers participating received in 1938 an average of £11 6s. 7d. each, which was about 6 per cent of their wages. The post-war period since 1945 has again been marked by great interest in profit-sharing and co-partnership, and announcements of new schemes are frequently seen. One noteworthy new scheme is that of Tate and Lyle, which was established in 1950. It includes a special incentive for the workers to co-operate in increasing output and productivity, as payments are made under the scheme only for years when the output and the net

profit exceed certain fixed limits. The firm established the scheme by agreement with the General and Municipal Workers' Union, and it is operated by the firm and the union jointly. This is one example of the tendency for the trade unions to become less suspicious of profit-sharing schemes and more appreciative of their advantages both for the workers and for the community as a whole.

The motor industry is one in which profit-sharing flourishes. Payments to the workers under the Morris Motors' scheme started in 1936 had reached a total of £1,500,000 by 1950. Vauxhall Motors has a highly successful scheme, which is probably largely responsible for its very low figures of labour turnover; for 1954 the employees are receiving an average of over £50 each and this brings the total amount distributed through the scheme to £2,283,000. Joseph Lucas Limited and the Triplex Safety Glass Company also have very flourishing schemes. A sound profit-sharing scheme is an expression of the team-spirit in a firm and a stimulus to the further development of that spirit. It adds to the dignity of labour, since the workpeople own part of the capital used in their work or part of the right to the profits arising from their work and can feel that they are working to some extent on their own account as part-owners. The workers in a profit-sharing firm naturally take a more lively interest in the success and prosperity of the enterprise and become keen on increasing productivity and output and so increasing the profit to be shared. They also generally take greater care over the quality of their work and over avoiding every kind of waste. British industry cannot flourish without ample supplies of risk capital to enable it to keep its plant up to date. There are few people now who can make large savings and industry will have to depend more and more on small savers. Through profit-sharing schemes of the co-partnership and some other kinds workers can help to provide the essential risk capital that furnishes the tools to make their work more productive. When wage rates are negotiated for an industry covering many firms, there are wide differences in the circumstances of the various firms. It is desirable that the more successful firms should give their workers some further advantage in addition to their wages at the general rates, so that workers will be attracted to the firms where their labour will be most productive and will have a special inducement to stay there. A sound profit-sharing scheme is one of the best ways of doing this. These are some of the reasons why the profit-sharing movement is of great importance for the welfare of the nation as a whole as well as to particular firms and their workpeople. It deserves all proper encouragement as one very promising way of promoting the growth of a property-owning democracy. In some South American countries profit-sharing has been made compulsory by law for joint stock companies over a certain size. The Liberal Party advocates doing this here too, but even its own financial and economic experts doubt the wisdom of this proposal and it does not find favour with general opinion. The Conservative Party strongly approves in principle of profit-sharing and co-partnership in industry and, when in opposition, held out hopes of some action to encourage more rapid progress with them in case it came into power. So far no definite proposal has emerged. It is to be hoped that the Government are giving this important matter the careful consideration that it deserves and will soon bring forward definite pro-



posals. Meanwhile, as an earnest of their interest in the profit-sharing movement, they should resume as quickly as possible the publication of the annual statistics of the movement that have not been available to the public since 1939.

D. W. DODWELL.

## AFGHANISTAN IN WORLD AFFAIRS

**T**HE Afghans, thirteen million strong, are making a determined effort to win a place in the sun. The regeneration in the ancient land of Afghanistan is steadier and faster than in the other Middle-Eastern countries, and is abreast with that of the Asian countries. At the meeting-point of the nascent Arab and Asian worlds, Afghanistan, scarcely noticed in the world press, is today as important politically as it is geographically. Briefly, the Afghan aim is to build, with as much speed as their economy and society will bear, a politically, industrially and culturally modern state. With the foreign-inspired overthrow of King Amanullah in the thirties still fresh in their minds, they are naturally cautious in their moves. The second world war also obliged them to mark time. But since the end of the war, and encouraged by the independence of India and other Asian countries, they are making a steady effort to catch up with modern ideas and practices in statecraft. The keynote of Afghan politics is "the struggle for freedom," anomalous as this may seem in a sovereign independent country. The sense of struggle is inherent in the national consciousness and their resentment of the historical and still existing wrongs inflicted on them. They feel they have a common cause with all the colonial, semi-colonial and ex-colonial peoples. Afghanistan, like India, feels strongly about national sovereignty; she is a partisan of world peace and international good relations, and an opponent of imperialism and the cold war. Because the country is undeveloped and its population comparatively small, there is a tendency in Europe to under-value the importance of Afghanistan in world affairs. But this is a serious mistake. Except India, there is no other country in the Arab-Asian area which can claim a national unity as great as that of Afghanistan.

The Afghans, physically hardy and of martial repute, inhabit a country of 297,000 square miles—90,000 square miles larger than France. The terrain is mountainous and the climate harsh. The people are Muslims, without the fanaticism and internal dissension commonly associated with the Muslim countries, though their faith provides a healthy ferment to ideas and policies. Since the accession of the present King, Zahir Shah, Afghanistan has had a stable Government under a constitutional monarchy. The Constitution provides for a Cabinet administration under a Prime Minister, who is selected by Parliament and approved by the King. The Parliament has two houses: the Senate with 60 permanent members, nominated by the King in consideration of their past services to the country; the House of Representatives, *Shora-Milli*, with 120 members, elected for three years by secret ballot and universal franchise, everyone over the age of 20 having the right to vote. All citizens enjoy equal rights without distinction as to race, creed or sex. There is thus a considerable amount of political democracy, and feudal practices are waning, but it will be noted that the highest offices in state are still largely in the hands of the Royal

circle. The present Prime Minister, General Mahammed Daoud Khan, is married to the King's sister. His predecessor, Marshal Shah Mahmud Khan Gazi, who after being in office for seven and a half years, resigned last year owing to ill health, is an uncle of the King. The country is undoubtedly short of qualified people. Moreover, in a country where assassination of the rulers has almost been traditional, devolution of power no doubt proceeds with careful selection. Nonetheless, the ruling circles of Afghanistan, in striking contrast with the irresponsible feudal oligarchies of the Philippines, Siam and a number of the Middle-Eastern countries, represent the progressive nationalism of the people. At the same time free and compulsory primary education, free higher education, and the expansion of commerce, industry and foreign relations are creating a bourgeoisie and an intelligentsia who take an active interest in national affairs.

Afghanistan has so far had no problems of organised labour or Communism. It is not, however, the absence of Left-wing frictions that explains the country's cordial relations with the Soviet Union. These have always been good. Soviet Russia was the first country to establish diplomatic relations with Afghanistan following the latter's emancipation in 1919 from British control. One source of minor mis-understanding, the 700-mile-long Soviet-Afghan frontier which in part had remained undemarcated since Czarist days, was settled in 1948 to the satisfaction of both parties. The Foreign Office in Kabul assured Moscow that there was no ground for Soviet uneasiness over occasional American activities in Afghanistan. The country has received no dollar grants, only two loans at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent interest from the Export-Import Bank of the U.S. Recently it secured a loan from the Soviet Union on exactly the same terms. The policy is not to allow foreign investment or control in the Afghan economy. Foreign technicians and educationists of many countries, including France, Germany, Britain, Russia and America, work in the country, but only as employees. Before the last war, Afghanistan traded with India, Russia, Iran, Britain, Japan, Poland and Italy. Diplomatic and trade relations with America were established for the first time during the war. Today the bulk of its foreign trade is with the U.S., and many Afghanistans would wish their trade to be less dependent on a single market. Serious misgivings about U.S. foreign policy have lately made themselves felt.

The U.S.-Pakistan military aid agreement has been described by the Afghan Prime Minister as "a grave danger to the security and peace of Afghanistan," nor did the American Press make matters better by their reports of a mooted "confederation" of Afghanistan and U.S.-aided Pakistan. This grotesque story was soon dead, but its implications were not lost on the watchful Afghans. The Afghans bear unhappy memories of past western empires. In the eighty years between 1840 and 1920, they were involved in three wars with Britain and one serious skirmish with Czarist Russia. The material and psychological damage done by Britain is far from healed, especially the loss of territory as a result of the Second Afghan War, 1878-80, and the retention by Britain of control over Afghanistan's foreign policy. It was not until 1919, after the Afghan War of Independence (the third Afghan War) that complete independence

was achieved. But there has been no redress for the removal from Afghan sovereignty, but the Durand Argeement of 1893, of territory holding about a third of the Afghan population. Before Britain came to Asia, Afghanistan was a powerful kingdom with jurisdiction over a large part of India. British wars and policies have turned Afghanistan into a small, poverty-stricken, land-locked country, left behind in the march of civilisation. It is noteworthy that in demanding justice and freedom for the Afghan tribes kept separated from their land of origin by the Durand Line, Afghanistan has made no irredentist claim. It asks only that these tribes (the Pathans, or more correctly Pakhtuns) should be freed from Pakistan's colonial administration over them, and allowed self-determination.

The Pakhtuns or Pathans have never been either *de jure* or *de facto* British subjects; numerous British military operations, including air bombing, have failed to subjugate them. Yet in 1947 they were handed over by Britain to Pakistan, in contravention of explicit agreements with Afghanistan. Pakistan has stubbornly refused to consider the claims of either the Pakhtuns or the Afghans. It is hardly surprising that the Pakhtuns should now be demanding the establishment of an independent Pakhtunistan. The situation is pregnant with disturbing possibilities. Afghan relations with Britain, Pakistan and America, therefore, though formally "normal," are not as friendly as Afghanistan would like. With China, Afghanistan established diplomatic relations after the last war, and later was one of the first countries to recognise the Chinese Communist Government. Afghan foreign policy finds an authoritative exposition in a number of pamphlets written by the Afghan Ambassador in London, Sardar Najib-Ullah Khan. Afghanistan, says Dr. Najib-Ullah, succeeded in preserving her neutrality and independence during the most turbulent period of the world's history. She holds fast to this policy, and so long as her rights and freedom are respected will not align herself with any group against another. It is, however, no secret that the Afghans are ready to resist any action against their legitimate rights. The Afghans believe that both the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. can help the world along the road of peace and progress. They have friendly relations with France, Britain, China and other countries, whom they wish to see as friends of the Asian and African nations, and not as colonisers. Afghanistan desires the emancipation of Asian nations by peaceful means, through good understanding. The very close and friendly relations between Afghanistan and India arise from their community of view regarding non-adherence to any bloc, the readiness to condemn and resist aggression, and their common desire to solve their problems by peaceful means. Peaceful Asian solidarity remains the keystone of Afghan policy.

K. P. GHOSH.

## EXTREMISTS IN EIRE

"**W**E have taken the gun out of politics." So Mr. John A. Costello, the Irish Republic's Premier said in 1949; and so it then seemed. The Irish Republican Army, harried since 1939 no less in Southern Ireland than in England, had withered away. Mr. Costello gently salved the pricking sores of recalcitrants by allowing them to re-inter

the bodies of I.R.A. members who had died on hunger-strike or who had been executed for the murder of police-officers during Mr. De Valera's tenure of office. About the same time the British Government was releasing the long-term prisoners sentenced in 1939 during the bombing campaign in English cities. Superficially these measures hastened the dissolution of the extremist movement in Ireland; bands played at funeral processions honouring the I.R.A. dead being re-buried, and graveside orations dwelt on the unfinished work of liberation. But the tacit near-approval of these activities by the Costello administration (Ministers individually attended some of the ceremonies), so far from stimulating the revival of the party of violence, helped to silence it.

During 1954, however, the I.R.A. re-emerged as a considerable threat towards Ireland's internal stability and as a possible bedevilling agency in Anglo-Irish relations. In 1953 there had indeed been acts of violence in Northern Ireland, the most serious of which was the destruction by bombs of a cinema in Newry which had shown Coronation films; but these incidents, and occasional trials of Northern Ireland extremists on charges of possessing arms or seditious literature, appeared to be no more than strictly local and sporadic illustrations of the proposition that the use of violence for political agitation may be a slow-dying tradition. There was no reason to suppose that a conspiracy, numerically strong and nation-wide, aimed at the coercion of Northern Ireland into the Republic, an undertaking obviously absurd and one in effect admitted to be impossible by the politicians in the Republic. The futility of its methods and the fact that what used to be known as physical-force politics might compromise the constitutional movement are considerations which the extremist wing has been disposed to rate lightly in Ireland. From 1858, the year of the foundation of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, the party of violence has again and again confounded the constitutionalists. The Brotherhood, nurtured on subventions from Irish-Americans and looking to America for some of the most militant of its members, sponsored the dynamitards of the sixties and later. In 1882 the Invincibles, sworn to "make history" by the "removal of tyrants," murdered Lord Frederick Cavendish on his first day in Ireland as Chief Secretary, and thus destroyed for the time an England-Ireland reconciliation through a Gladstone-Parnell accommodation. True enough that the Invincibles, the most successful secret society in Ireland's history, did not intend to kill Lord Frederick; they were after the Permanent Under-Secretary. Yet when the terrible story was told during the trials, the starkest fact was the indifference of the Invincibles (an offshoot of the Brotherhood) to the certainty that a murder campaign directed against Government officials must jeopardize the conventional nationalist agitation. Again in 1916 it was the Brotherhood which took charge of rebellion, and though it is forgotten nowadays, the immediate response of Irishmen to this—in its consequences the most momentous manifestation of activism in modern Irish history—was not merely unenthusiastic; genuinely representative bodies of all kinds most forcefully condemned the rising led by P. H. Pearse and T. J. Clarke. There is no doubt about the responsibility of the I.R.B. for 1916. Clarke was the key figure; Pearse had not become a member of the I.R.B. Supreme Council until the summer of 1914, and, according to the Life of Clarke that

comes nearest to being "official," it had been necessary to co-opt Pearse into the Brotherhood because no branch would accept him, the rank-and-file I.R.B. men distrusting him as a politically ambitious person.

At this period the Brotherhood was a small society, and no longer drew on intellectuals for its leadership. Small business men, clerks, some workers and small farmers' sons were its backbone. When war came in 1914 the treasurer of the London I.R.B. was a young clerk, Michael Collins. In Ireland the I.R.B. man who was in a sense typical of the movement was also its most outstanding member. From a small tobacco shop in Dublin, T. J. Clarke, son of a bombardier, kept in touch with his fellow members, and waited for the outbreak of rebellion again. Born in 1858, he had served a long term of imprisonment as a dynamitard. It is significant of the mixed feelings of Irishmen towards the party of violence that Clarke, unknown before his trial, should have been made a Freeman of Limerick after release, though Irishmen generally were not supporters of the dynamite campaign. Clarke had suffered much in prison and two of his fellow Fenians had gone insane. It is not surprising that his whole being was in the task of preparing for "war" on the "foreign occupation" of Irish soil. Single-minded devotion to a historic cause, or embittered and self-flushed fanaticism? This question apart, it is reasonably certain that Clarke was the prime mover in the revolutionary design. The present President of the Irish Republic, Mr. Sean O'Kelly, has written: "If any man could be said to be responsible for the inspiration of Easter Week, or for the carrying through successfully of the resolution to revolt, credit for that must be given to Tom Clarke." What is especially noteworthy about the dynamic of the 1916 Rebellion is that groups like Sinn Fein, a non-violent movement, and the Volunteers, vaguely militarist only (in the sense that the original leaders as well as the rank-and-file had no immediate revolutionary intentions, if indeed any at all) were made use of by the I.R.B. Supreme Council to promote the outbreak. The Easter Week Rebellion is an excellent illustration of the way a minority group may unsuspectingly straddle a majority. I.R.B. men were cleverly insinuated into key posts in other nationalist movements. Pearse became one of the top two or three in the Volunteers, an open organisation.

After the rebellion the I.R.B. wilted, but by 1919 it was once again the moving force behind the extremist movement. About this time the name Irish Republican Army came into use, and during the period euphemistically known as the "Troubles" this irregular force of intermittently active *franc-tireurs* was directed, in so far as there was effective nation-wide direction, by Michael Collins and Richard Mulcahy. Then, when the Treaty of 1921 gave Southern Ireland the status of a Dominion, the I.R.A. was split. There were those who, under Collins and Mulcahy, were for accepting the Treaty; with Mr. de Valera as their figurehead the others stood out for a Republic. The result was a civil war. Collins was killed in an ambush, and the new state was governed by ministers who had to sleep in the heavily guarded Government Buildings in Dublin. But the irregulars were soon worn out, and in 1927, Mr. de Valera persuaded his followers that they should recognise the Free State. He entered the Dail, saying that he would treat the Oath of Allegiance as an empty formula, and in 1932 he won a majority of seats and formed his first administration.



There were I.R.A. members who dissented from this, but Mr. de Valera's anti-British policy did something to quiet them. However, as the years went by, his promises to end the partition of Ireland were unfulfilled. The I.R.A. devised "Plan S," the bombing campaign in English cities. Though Mr. de Valera at that time used to argue that the Southern Irish Government would be justified in using force to compel Northern Ireland to come in, and though he frequently spoke of Abraham Lincoln, the bombing campaign was abhorrent to him, and when war broke out and Mr. de Valera declared Ireland neutral, he interned I.R.A. leaders. This was alleged to be necessary partly because they were in communication with Germany. They were also becoming more troublesome to the Eire Government through their raids for arms on Government arsenals. Policemen were shot at, and a detective who had been a comrade of ministers during the pre-Treaty guerilla days was killed near his Dublin home. Mr. de Valera was invidiously placed for being severe towards the I.R.A., and it must have been a surprise to the movement that he was so firm-handed. Members were executed and allowed to die on hunger-strike. The tough policy in both islands helped to kill the "war" policy in England.

After the war, the I.R.A. was little in the news, and it was legitimate to suppose that the movement no longer existed. Then, in June, 1954, armed men raided the Royal Irish Fusiliers' barracks in Armagh, and made away with arms and ammunition worth several thousand pounds. It is believed that this expedition was launched from the Irish Republic, and that the raiders made their way back over the border with their haul. The raid on Omagh Barracks in October was unsuccessful, and eight men are now serving prison sentences of ten years—in one case, twelve. The purpose of these operations has been defined by the I.R.A. leaders. In October, the *Irish Times* reported that a recruiting meeting had been held in the small town of Skibbereen, Co. Cork. A pipe band with uniformed young men marched through the town, and on the platform with the speakers were uniformed women of the woman's section of the I.R.A. in pre-Treaty days. The principal speaker said that the blandishments and soft talk counselled by Mr. de Valera and Mr. Costello would not end partition: the only method that the British understood was force. A rising wind of Republicanism was sweeping through Ireland, and was growing to a gale that would sweep the British forces from Northern Ireland. He appealed to the young men to join the armed militant section of Sinn Féin; he could tell them that there were plenty of arms to give them. After this meeting about 20 men went to the Town Hall to hand in their names. A few days later the *Irish Times* summarised the contents of a four-page leaflet circulated by "The Army Council of the I.R.A.," and entitled "Irish Resistance to British Aggression." This document declared that "the Irish Republican Army has a carefully planned and progressive policy of opposition to the British occupation forces in the Six Counties. With charity towards all and malice towards none the Irish Republican Army looks forward with quiet confidence to the struggle that lies ahead."

After the Omagh raid local authorities in the Republic, ever ready for a respite from their proper duties, quickly congratulated the I.R.A. At Dungarvan, during an Urban Council discussion on such a resolution

passed by the Sligo Mental Hospital Board, one Councillor said: "What about asking the Government to have the army invade the North?" However, the Government felt differently. Speaking in the Dail on October 28th, Mr. Costello denounced the use of force by minority groups to end partition as "immoral, un-Christian and likely to endanger the vital interests of the nation." Mr. de Valera, as Opposition Leader, supported him. In his Christmas message Cardinal D'Alton, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, spoke the mind of the Roman Catholic Bishops for the first time on the subject, and warned young men against the sinfulness of secret oath-bound societies.

Mr. Costello has not concluded an extradition treaty with the Northern Government, though Northern M.P.s have been suggesting that this would be proof of his sincerity. The fact is that he is unlikely to do this because he must always take cognizance of the traditional Irish tolerance towards "rebels." Few Irish people really approve of the actions of the I.R.A. In the Republic the problem of partition is seen through a fog created over thirty years by Irish politicians. Southern Irishmen are convinced that considerable injustice is done to Roman Catholics in the North, and they feel that the I.R.A. campaign, though they do not approve of it, is at least not totally lacking justification. Therefore Mr. Costello would almost certainly raise trouble if he were to agree to turn over I.R.A. raiders to the Northern authorities. His position is not an easy one. If lives are lost in the North the Dublin Government will clearly bear a heavy responsibility for having given negative comfort to the I.R.A. If, on the other hand, he tries to suppress the I.R.A. he may simply draw their fire on himself. His fervent hope must be that the turmoil foreshadowed by incidents in 1954 will not come to pass.

FLORENCE O'DONOGHUE.

## THE AMERICAN NEGRO'S POLITICAL PROGRESS

**I**N the southern states of the U.S.A. the negroes enjoy the same franchise rights as whites, can enter skilled employments and become members of trades unions, but they are still largely segregated from whites. The states mainly concerned (starting from the north) are: Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Texas and the District of Columbia. The traveller is struck by the different attitude towards negroes on crossing the border from Kentucky into Ohio. This transition from South to Middle West does not however apply only to the outlook towards the colour question. The people of Cincinnati are as different from those of Louisville as Germans from French. One leaves the friendly South for the busy and hurrying Middle West. In most southern states negroes have their own schools, restaurants and hotels and are not admitted to those open to whites. They occupy the rear seats on buses and trains. They are not segregated on the trains but have separate waiting rooms in the railway and bus stations.

On May 17th, 1954, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that segregation in public schools was unconstitutional. Hitherto it had been held that educational facilities for whites and negroes should be "separate but equal." Part of the moneys for education are provided by the Federal Government and part by the individual state administrations. Some states, e.g., Virginia, have lately spent considerable sums of money on negro education though the amount collected from negroes in taxation is low. White Virginians are eager to provide negroes with a proper education but object to having white and coloured children mixed in the same class rooms. The same policy and outlook exists in most of the southern states, and the position was the same in Washington, D.C. until 1954, where the number of negroes exceeds that of whites. Washington however has abolished segregation in the schools in accordance with the Supreme Court's ruling. Now all southern states are being asked to adopt the same course. The question is how soon the new law can be put into effect. Six southern states have told the court that an abrupt switch would be dangerous and would disrupt their educational systems. Spokesmen in North Carolina told the Supreme Court that if school desegregation were put into effect immediately it might result in abolition of the public schools and cause "bloody race riots." They suggested that plenty of time should be allowed, and urged that federal district judges who knew local conditions should be given wide authority to implement the changeover in the light of those conditions. Attorney General J. B. Shepperd of Austin, Texas, expressed the Texan view that he did not agree with the Supreme Court decision. He advocated gradual adjustment rather than compulsion, which could only arouse resentment, individual discrimination and, as experience has demonstrated in other states, violence. He urged "a period of orderly transition" which would insure that a decree would meet with no more than passive resistance by the public.

Georgia and Mississippi are more determined in their opposition to the new law. Both these states plan to abolish the public school system in its present form. In Georgia the state constitution has actually been changed by popular vote to permit allotment of school funds to private operators, so that the newly constituted private schools can maintain segregation. As Governor Herman Talmadge of Georgia has explained, "The state of Georgia is no longer concerned as to whatever methods of enforcement the Supreme Court employs, since we have made provisions to circumvent the decision." In Talmadge's opinion "segregation will not be ended in Georgia at any time." His successor, Governor-elect Marvin Griffin, is pledged to carry on the fight against desegregation. The writer was in Atlanta, Georgia, on election day (November 2nd, 1954). Georgia has a population of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  million, one third of which are negroes. This state in common with most others in the south voted solidly in support of the Democratic Party, so that the election of representatives to Congress was not a cause of any excitement, but great importance was attached to "Amendment No. 4," known as the "Private School Amendment," which introduced the legislation referred to above.

Opponents to the Amendment object to it on two main counts; (1) Though segregation works satisfactorily in towns where there are approximately equal numbers of whites and negroes, it is difficult and expensive in places

with small numbers of either group, especially in rural areas where it is often impossible to provide "separate and equal" facilities. (2) The amendment would not achieve its object of preventing integration without abolishing the public school system.

Perhaps the best indication of the likely effects of too early desegregation is to be found by looking at Washington, D.C., where it has already been started. At first sight some rather alarming things have happened there. In the fall of 1954 there were 8.7 per cent fewer white pupils in the public school classes than there had been in 1953. The decline occurred suddenly after the new law was implemented, and all grades were affected, especially the elementary schools, in which there was a decrease of 11.2 per cent of the white pupils. There was a 4 per cent drop in the junior high schools and a 2 per cent drop in the senior. The drop was greatest in the schools most affected by desegregation. Studies were made to determine what had become of the missing white pupils. These showed that some had left school to enter the armed forces or obtain other employment. More than half, however, had transferred to private schools or moved away from Washington. This city is regarded by the states affected as a testing ground, and subsequent developments will be watched with interest. In some of the southern states there is still a spirit of intolerance by whites against negroes. Many people agree that discrimination must end and that it is only a matter of time before this will happen, but the more ignorant are still perpetuating it. The election in Atlanta was conducted by machinery in an orderly manner without any barracking, but in some places it is still dangerous for a negro to attempt to cast his vote.

The main obstacle to progress is prejudice, and this still exists in the North just as much as in the South. As Thurgood Marshall, the champion of negro rights, aptly pointed out, prejudice exists "from before the cradle to after the grave." It is difficult for a negro woman to obtain as good facilities for the birth of a child as for a white, while after death it is difficult to arrange for a negro to be buried except in a negro cemetery. A negro cannot enter many a good restaurant in the North with the certainty that he will be served. There are still schools in New York in which pupils are 100 per cent negro though no segregation law is in force. There are almost no inter-racial housing areas in the North. Whites there deplore the manner in which negroes are treated in the South, but, while their laws do not discriminate, they act towards negroes in the same way as their southern cousins. The negroes in the United States, though better off economically and politically than most urban natives in Africa, are not unlike the latter in other respects. They closely resemble Africans in their mode of behaviour, mental outlook and habits. Civilisation and slight inter-breeding with white races have changed them a little, but the effects are far from striking. This is to be expected, for these people *are* Africans, whatever their environment may be. They provide proof that African negroes can become civilised. It is necessary to make this point for many people are not aware of it. They are no better and no worse than other human beings. Given hope for the future Africans can become, as they are becoming in America, good citizens of a Western society.

MICHAEL VANE.

## THE RED CROSS

"IN an age when we hear so much of progress and civilisation, is it not a matter of urgency, since unhappily we cannot always avoid wars, to press forward in a humane and truly civilised spirit the attempt to prevent, or at least to alleviate, the horrors of war?" Among the voices clamouring for progress throughout Europe in the 19th century were those urging reforms in the name of humanity and civilisation. Europe had already been stirred by the actions of John Howard and Elizabeth Fry, and in 1854 of Florence Nightingale in the Crimea. Five years later the act of spontaneous devotion after the battle of Solferino, which was eventually to result in the Red Cross, would have passed into obscurity but for the urgent voice of one man. The aftermath of that battle on the 24th of June presented an ugly scene of death and destruction among the armies engaged in it—40,000 dead and wounded requiring attention from inadequate medical services. From this scene of carnage, the words of Jean Henri Dunant were ultimately to fit into the jigsaw puzzle of a universal idea.

Son of a Swiss banker, travelling through Italy on business, Dunant came face to face with this spectacle of destruction. Mustering around him the townswomen of Castiglione, where the greater proportion of the wounded had been taken, he gave what help he could. "It was not a matter of amputations or operations of any kind. But food, and above all drink, had to be taken around to men dying of hunger and thirst; then their wounds could be dressed and their bleeding, muddy, vermin-covered bodies washed; all this in a scorching, filthy atmosphere . . . with lamentations and cries of anguish all around." Before long a group of volunteer helpers was formed, the women going from one man to another "with canteens of pure water to quench their thirst and moisten their wounds. Some of these improvised nurses . . . their gentleness and kindness . . . and their attentive care helped to revive a little courage among the wounded." Dunant returned to Geneva, his native town, five weeks later. But unable to forget the sights he had witnessed, he was obsessed with the overwhelming urge to rid his mind of the nightmare, which returned again and again to haunt him, by writing a book. "A Memory of Solferino," which described the agony and neglect of the wounded, the shortage of doctors and medical supplies, was published in November, 1862, at his own expense. It was and still is impossible to read it without being moved, without feeling his sense of inadequacy and determination to do something, however small, to narrow the gulf that lies between the dark reality of suffering and the immeasurable depths of sympathy. It can be summed up in the German word *durchleiden*, which means to experience and get to know something by suffering. In "A Memory of Solferino" Dunant voiced a question and a challenge which was to withstand the test of two World Wars. "Would it not be possible, in time of peace and quiet, to form relief societies for the purpose of having care given to the wounded in wartime by zealous, devoted, and thoroughly qualified volunteers? . . . Societies of this kind, once formed and their permanent existence assured . . . would always be organised and ready for the possibility of war. They would have not only to secure the goodwill of the authorities of the countries



in which they had been formed, but also, in time of war, to solicit from the rulers of the belligerent states authorisation and facilities enabling them to do effective work." Soon, other voices took up the challenge. The *Société Genevoise d'Utilité Publique*, a welfare society in Geneva, whose efforts with those of Dunant's were successful in securing the attention of representatives of 17 European States. Matters were taken a stage further by the Swiss Federal Government, who in the following year, 1864, convened a meeting of the plenipotentiaries of 16 nations at which the First Geneva Convention was signed.

This attempt "to press forward in a humane and truly civilised spirit" the alleviation of the horrors of war, was the first general agreement between nations placing a particular wartime work of charity under the protection of international law. The Convention for the "Amelioration of the Conditions of the Wounded and Sick of Armies in the Field," recognised that the fighting man when wounded or captured ceased to be an enemy, and became a suffering, defenceless human being. It laid down that the ambulance that carried him and the hospital to which he was taken, should be protected, and that the same protection should be extended to the doctors and nurses and all those entrusted with his care. The emblem chosen to distinguish this special protection was a red cross in a white field, obtained by reversing the Swiss colours. Through this protective symbol it was possible, and still is, to overcome the barriers set up by nations at war, and this is the characteristic which sets the Red Cross apart from all other international agencies. In peacetime the Red Cross carries on its service with equal devotion for the improvement of health, the prevention of disease, and the mitigation of suffering throughout the world. With the advantage of its international status, the worldwide recognition of its emblem and the confidence which men and women of all countries place in those who have prepared themselves to give disinterested service to their fellow men its prestige is without parallel. The voluntary, service of the Red Cross is based on vision; the realisation that people cannot live happily together unless they preserve the privilege of helping one another. Today it has more than a hundred million members—men, women and children in over 70 National Red Cross Societies throughout the world. Forming an army of the part-time, the part-paid, and the part-trained, through little bits of kindness, small pieces of generosity, and odd moments of spare time, its members help to organise a great supplementary service which acts as a reinforcement to the official services.

From a resettlement village in Malaya to a flooded town in Britain; from relief to the homeless victims of an earthquake to succouring the injured and bereaved in a train smash, in the midst of it all you find the Red Cross helping all who are in need. From visiting an old woman who is bedridden to meeting a small blind boy off a train—no task is too small to undertake—for one of the most endearing qualities about the Red Cross is its care of the individual. In its slogan—*Active in peace—as in war*—is the urgent voice that will not be ignored or forgotten as long as there are men and women who respect the dignity of human personality. The simple form of first aid carried out by Dunant and the women at Castiglione was elementary compared with the skill of the trained first aiders today, but nevertheless inspired by the same motive which has prompted the work of

the Red Cross ever since. The emblem stands as a safeguard against man's inhumanity to man, through which he recognises the sufferings of his enemies as poignantly as those of his friends. At Solferino human drama and human distress became, through an urgent voice, synonymous with devotion, kindness, and mercy, a living monument to the form and substance of human sympathy. And May 8th, the anniversary of Dunant's birth, is set aside as International Red Cross Day when the man who brought about these things is remembered throughout the world. IGNOTIUS.

## LIFE IN THE LEBANON

**T**WO worlds meet in the Lebanon, the West and the East. The Lebanese consider that they are the descendents of the Phoenicians. They retain the commercial spirit and a love for big undertakings of their ancestors. Lebanese meet all over the world. In French and British West Africa the Lebanese has become a rich merchant; in South America he has made a huge fortune; in the United States he has succeeded in becoming a deputy and a journalist; in Europe he is a diplomat and ship-owner; in the Far East he is competing with the Chinese; and in the Pacific Islands he is starting to populate large tracts of lands. The Lebanese loves to travel. As a result, over a million Lebanese live abroad, as opposed to the million and a half population of the Lebanon itself. The illiterate Lebanese has become a very important person, far from his country. But in the Lebanon the cultured and educated classes are hardly able to make their living, so strong is the competition.

Two different worlds form the Lebanon, the mountains, and the coastal plain, and each has a different aspect. The coast has some of the oldest cities of the world. Tyre, from which the Phoenicians conquered the world; Sidon, where Venus came out of the water in her dazzling nakedness; Byblos, the Queen of the Phoenician traders and the starting point of the cult of the goddess of Love; Tripoli the white, where the remote Princess lived. Of all the ancient cities Beirut alone has retained its importance as a large town. Beirut is an immense garage containing every type of car and model ever made. In Beirut the taxi-driver is king. Cars crowd the streets from morning till night. When night comes the capital becomes a desert. Then the caberets and cinemas become chock-full. The Beirutis likes to enjoy himself. On Sundays most of the city can be found at the race-course. The poorest Lebanese considers himself dishonoured if he does not on Sundays gamble away his weekly wages. Games long ago invaded Beirut homes. All ages play, playing-cards are to be found everywhere: poker, pinochle-colonne, bridge, baccarat. Even the children play. Cards and dressing up, balls and festivities of all sorts fill the lives of those who consider themselves to be Society. By society must be understood the rich who speculate on everything: on illness, war, and the unhappiness of humanity. Huge buildings are coming up like mushrooms in the residential sectors. Those who are building them made their fortunes in the last war. You are told: "So-and-so became rich from the sale of pharmaceutical products," "this one in cement and iron," "that one in smuggling hashish."

Alongside the society of the rich you can find Beirutis who are highly cultivated, who read all the latest books and papers, who do not miss a single conference, and who are the first to see the *Comédie Française* each season. This cultured class is important. Both classes mix very frequently. But the unhealthy snobbery of the rich stands out clearly against the simplicity of the intellectuals. In Beirut people are evaluated according to their wealth. It is the merchant class which is at the top. The capital has not changed much since the days of the Phoenicians, for business is considered to hold the first place in social activities. Lawyers, doctors, teachers, who do not make fortunes, are considered poor people, almost failures. The power of money is far from being a vain word in the Lebanon. It is therefore not surprising that thousands of Lebanese emigrate yearly to seek their fortunes in America and Africa. It is the rich emigrants who keep alive their relatives who have not the courage to leave their homes. And the Lebanese is very good at making money, given the least chance. Let us say in justice that he spends freely, and the philanthropists have good hearts.

Alongside the worries of money, politics occupy a place of considerable importance in every-day life. Everybody engages in politics. It is the basis of most conversations, in the streets, in the trams, in cars, in cafés, in the markets, in the salons, at meals, everywhere, at every moment political discussions and arguments take place. Sometimes they are very heated, as the Lebanese is hot-tempered and takes everything to heart. Even children discuss politics, and the boot-blacks read two or three newspapers a day. The most peaceful people take sides at the slightest cause. In the Lebanon one is always the follower of some politician.

The Lebanese have the advantage of being between the two worlds of the West and the East. The Lebanon belongs as much to one as to the other, and is the ideal meeting place between two civilisations. He knows how to cope with all situations, and his genius allows him never to be a stranger anywhere. Thus he feels as close to the Arab of the desert as he does to the Parisian who comes to visit him. He possesses to a high degree the ability to learn languages. In no time he can pick up even the most difficult languages. Many are the Lebanese men of letters who write equally well in French and English. Joubbran Khalil Joubbran became famous in America with his "Prophet," and Chukri Ghanem made considerable contributions to Parisian newspapers. And it is in the Lebanese mountains that are produced the most celebrated men of the Arab Near East. Reformers of the Arabic language, at the end of the nineteenth century, first saw the world in the villages of the Lebanon, the mountains so beautiful and so near to God.

Solomon built his temple using the Cedars of the Lebanon. The Emir Beshir Shehab, a glorious Prince, lived at Beiteddine. In the Kesrouan district the rocks are witnesses to the Deluge and Flood, the villages high up among the pine forests and sources of water make the place a fairyland. The Lebanon is the land of a smiling countryside, of eternal snows on Sannin, and green valleys; of the immense plain of the Bekaa, which was the granary of the ancient world; of Nahr el Kalb, where the great conquerors all inscribed their names in the rocks. It is a country of open-minded and loyal people, hospitable and proud. In the mountains the

peasant offers you a bunch of grapes; along the paths of flourishing Hawthorn the hunter reminds you of Adonis; the village belles and women returning home to their villages sing and chant sad songs. It is the land where the old women bake their bread on their "saj" with the same motions and in the same way as of old. The mountains allow you to forget the vain agitations of the city, the greed and pitiless competition. The mountains are the purity of nature, humanity, and the serenity of the soul. They make poets even out of those accustomed to handling money from morning till night. Two Lebanese poets of some considerable ability are one a merchant and the other a banker. It is the breathtaking nature of the mountains of the Lebanon which has made dreamers in their leisure time. The Lebanon, land of the gods, remains the refuge of the outcasts of fortune, for the most unhappy of men are able to live in this dream country where dramas do not last long, and where nature, smiling, always has the last word.

*Beyrouth.*

RAYMOND LOIR.

### THE DEVIL IN AFRICA

**I**N *le Soulier de Satin* Paul Claudel, describing Africa as the sinister haunt of Satan, evoked a familiar impression of the country, one in which witchcraft and sorcery added mysterious terrors to the tyranny of rulers. From the early accounts the popular picture of Africa had been painted in two tones, the one horrific, with touches of macabre humour, and the other based on the kindness and sunny irresponsibility of the native temperament. The stories of cruelty and horror were amply documented. When the Punitive Expedition entered Benin, rumours of human sacrifices with crucifixions and disembowelling of men and women were confirmed in ghastly detail. Richard Burton thought he had been led into the city by a path scattered with human remains, in order that an impression be produced upon him. He later found that the habitual atrocities were on such a scale that all the paths to the palace were similarly furnished. In 1927 Rattray described the last refinements of cruelty in the lingering form of capital punishment favoured in Ashanti, the ghastly Atopere dance, in which the condemned man was made to dance in the sun while his extremities were gradually hacked away.

If half the stories about him are true, the famous Zulu tyrant, Chaka, must have been one of the most blood-lusting tyrants known. He devastated the regions around Natal with fire and sword for about 10 years, until he was assassinated in 1828. His biography by Thomas Mofola, as well as being an important historical record, reads like an epic poem, with echoes from the Psalms. It tells how he killed his wife for the sake of the chieftaincy, ordered the massacre of regiments which had run away in war, took the prettiest girls of the tribe as concubines, killed their babies because he feared to beget heirs, and then, because it was bitter for a mother to be separated from her child, he killed the girls off too. The climax of the story is reached when his mother, who throughout tries to soften his judgments, is found to have secretly reared one of these condemned babies. Chaka kills her with his own hand, and then commands a

frightful slaughter of all those who seemed not to be mourning with him for her death. Chaka is always recognised as an exceptional case, not typical of Bantu chiefs. The effect of European impact, and of the slave trade, were no doubt responsible for many upheavals in tribal life. But other tales of a more uncalculated cruelty were at hand. Cases of ordeals which left no alternative for the accused but confession and death are frequent. Books by missionaries and early administrators contain pictures of mutilated subjects of Zande or Bemba chiefs, reports of outrages done in the name of religion, ritual murders by Human Leopards in Sierra Leone, torturing of women who trespassed on male secret societies. These flesh-creeping accounts which titillated the ghoulish curiosity of Europeans were relieved by a lighter vein, the comic-opera view of barbaric courts. Such is Torday's account of the suppression of a rebellion by the Nyimi of Bushongo; a devastating campaign, in which, when rumours had cleared away, there were only half a dozen casualties. Or else, the whimsical comments on the King of Dahomey's female regiments, their slovenliness on parade, and their ineffectual ferocity in attack. To the European observer there was even some grisly humour in the method by which royal ordinances were announced to the ancestors in Dahomey: a special messenger, fortified by money and drink for the journey, being despatched himself to join the dead.

If African society had then been the subject for serious study, people would surely have noticed the discrepancy between these aspects and the other view, emphasized again and again, of the simplicity and merry insouciance of the Africans themselves. Livingstone and Mary Kingsley, together with countless other travellers, attested to the essential kindliness of the African character. To explain how gentle, good-natured peoples come to produce tyrants, and to tolerate tyranny, missionaries may well have felt with Claudel that the devil is abroad in Africa:

"L'appel d'afrique! . . . La terre ne serait point ce qu'elle est si elle n'avait ce carreau du feu sur le ventre, ce cancer rongeur, ce rayon qui lui dévore le foie, ce trépid attisé par le souffle des océans, cet antre fumant, ce fourneau où vient se dégraisser l'ordure de toutes les respirations animales."

The arrival in the field of the professional anthropologist might have lifted the curtain on contradictory scenes of inhumanity and tenderness, and built up some consistent picture in which all the conflicting elements have their intelligible place. But by the time that the anthropologists set to work, the famous tyrants had long had their fangs drawn by the administration. Spectacles of horror were a thing of legend, and trials by ordeal had been replaced by regular tribunals.

The problem had lost its interest for another reason. The responsibility of Europe for African disorders began to be recognised. Despotism is not an indigenous product of Africa, but rather the result of the impact of European and Arab slavers. Chaka himself is said to have modelled his regiments on those of the Portuguese he had watched at drill at Lourenço Marques. Foreign example alone might never have produced the tyrants whose exuberant barbarity so shocked the Victorians. But the invaders provided firearms which gave ambitious chieftains a means of domination which their ancestors had lacked. These facts, which re-



flected so unfavourably on the European record in Africa, were enough to deter anything that smacked of a moral judgment on native institutions. Moreover, by the beginning of the 30's, Europeans had experienced barbarity within their borders, and lost confidence in the validity of their own moral standards. Inevitably the problem of reconciling the two sides of the African picture received no consideration. The darker side was forgotten, the brighter side was recognized and unconsciously idealised. The ferocity of the Mau-Mau uprising caused shocked astonishment to a modern public, yet would not have surprised the general reader of the 1890's.

In 1926 Malinowski complained that public interest on foreign culture was "still dominated by rude curiosity." In rebuking the old "pre-scientific" interest, he insisted that "savagery is not ruled by moods, passions, and accidents, but by tradition and order . . . that civil law, or its savage equivalent, is extremely well developed, and that it rules all aspects of social organisation."<sup>1</sup> Although written of a Polynesian island, these words can be regarded as inaugurating a new era of professional writing about all primitive, including African, institutions. Professional anthropologists in England have now published a number of monographs on political organisation in Africa. These have certain assumptions in common, are based on intensive studies, and seek to present detached, scientific accounts of native political systems. The most important book in this series is the symposium "African Political Systems" published in 1940. In this the editors laid down that "The scientific study of political institutions must be inductive and comparative, and aim solely at establishing and explaining the uniformities found among them, and their interdependencies with other features of social organisation."

In practice the difficulties in the way of making strictly scientific statements about politics are well-nigh insuperable. It is not the anthropologist's fault that other people, philosophers, poets and politicians themselves have discussed the subject. The most ordinary words, rubbed smooth by use, now shine with emotional associations. In however cold and technical a sense he may use them, they are bound to strike unintended chords. When the Nuer<sup>2</sup> are described as having no law, but as living in a state of "ordered anarchy," one can imagine the pulse of a political philosopher throb faster on reading that his cherished ideals have been realized long ago in the heart of the Sudan. An unintentional appeal to idealism of a different kind is conveyed in this description of chiefship among the Zulu: "This intimacy between the chief and his people, despite the ceremonial which surrounded him, was largely possible because there was no class snobbery among the Zulu. The chief was still regarded and treated as the 'father of his people' . . . there was no insurmountable barrier to marriage between his and any of his subject's families. . . . Wealth brought a chief closer to, did not remove him from, his people . . . he had to be rich in order to support his dependants; and besides this there was no use for wealth."<sup>3</sup>

Professor Radcliffe Brown, in his preface to *African Political Systems*, has a paragraph on law; he mentions, among other social sanctions on good behaviour, the importance of organized ridicule. His statement is perfectly neutral, not offering such systems for praise or blame. But

immediately one is reminded of Tom Jones' naive admiration of the Gipsy King who used ridicule as the sole punishment of crime. These unintended effects of language settle the reader in a pleasantly utopian frame of mind. Even though he knows that the Zulu chiefdom is being described as a system of checks and balances, he cannot help absorbing an impression of the chief as a benign patriarch in some pastoral idyll. The illusion is fostered by the nature of the approach. Anthropologists simply wish to show how the political system works. Their basic assumption is that there is a system, and that it does work. This assumption provides the principle for selecting facts out of the welter of daily life. But political institutions, if they are being presented as "equilibrium systems," inevitably must appear as nicely functioning pieces of machinery. The grit, inefficiencies and chronic breakdowns are irrelevant to the diagram. Given the assumptions of the functional approach it is hardly possible not to present your African society as a marvel of political ingenuity. These distortions might not have occurred if anthropologists had stayed within the humanist tradition to which the study of society properly belongs.

Not only has an element of the old traveller's tales been left out of the contemporary view, but something else, quite as unscientific and romantic, may have been unconsciously slipped in, a tendency to idealize. Complete romanticism may even take charge when the writer is himself a member of the culture which he describes. Kenyatta's book on the Kikuyu has passages which might have been lifted straight out of *News from Nowhere*:

"If a stranger happens to pass by at this time of enjoyment after labour, he will have no idea that these people who are now singing, dancing and laughing merrily, have completed their day's work. For after they have cleaned off the dust which they got from the fields, they look, in all respects, as though they have been enjoying themselves the whole day . . . the African in his own environment does not count hours of work by the movement of the clock, but works with good spirit and enthusiasm to complete the tasks before him."<sup>4</sup>

The general effect of the scientific style has been to soft-pedal certain aspects of African life, and to play up others, so that the second of the two themes described by the early travellers—the tolerance and adaptability of the African—is emphasized, but not the theme of cruelty and horror which so largely dominated the earlier picture.

Professional convention excludes anything smacking of cheap sensationalism. There can be no room for horror-stories. But scientific exposition can be lightened here and there with occasional glowing passages. Since the language of political science is anyway stiff with emotional overtones, the resulting picture suggests ideal companies of rousseau-esque savages, instead of the struggles and mean shifts of ordinary people, in hard unyielding lands. Any serious observer has to admit that the two views of Africa, the cruel and the kind, are there. Nostalgia tinges the memory of the long-retained field-worker, but if he could breathe again the atmosphere in which his researches were made, bitter frustration and even disgust would take their place among the other memories. There is a smiling face to African life, but one who has never

there recognized brooding hate and suspicion, has not penetrated beneath the surface. Some may be tempted to feel that so would our own European civilization be, but for centuries of Christian teaching. Yet we have never in our history been less Christian. Modern life has simply withdrawn certain temptations. The scale of our life is vast, but we have few intimate relations. It is easy to deal kindly with neighbours we scarcely know. The scale of African village life is small, but the intensity of relations within it is great. In his village the African is hemmed in by the hates and rivalries of generations. He and his neighbours can no more escape each other than they can throw off their past. Meanness and jealousy and desperate egoism are there. They have made their mark on the political scene. They are projected in the devilish contrivance of witchcraft beliefs, which set brother against brother, and husband against wife. They are assuaged only by lethal ordeals, which appear to rid society of malefactors, but only confirm the fear of their presence, and establish more certainly the cycle of ignorance, suspicion and terror.

Those whose conscience is aware of guilt in the history of European contact with Africa are sometimes most inclined to idealize the happy state of ancient tribal times, and many shrink from thrusting further changes on African life. If shadow and light were more firmly drawn in the picture of native society, these inhibitions would give way to greater confidence in the future dealings of European and African with each other.

MARY DOUGLAS.

<sup>1</sup> *Crime and Custom in Savage Society*, 1926.

<sup>2</sup> *The Nuer*, E. Evans-Pritchard, 1940.

<sup>3</sup> *African Political Systems*, edit. Fortes and Evans-Pritchard 1940, Chap. by Gluckman, on the Zulu, p. 44.

<sup>4</sup> Kenyatta, *Facing Mount Kenya*, 1938, p. 60.

### THERE IS A SILENCE . . .

*There is a silence greater than all grief,  
A vast, pervading sombre-ness of soul,  
When round heart's darkness deepest waters roll  
And Life is stricken on a storm-racked reef;  
When gladness shrivels, a November leaf,  
Wind-blown, prostrated, paying Winter's toll,  
And anguish, like an ever-hungry mole,  
Of even the littlest pleasures is the thief.  
Then comes the test, the searching, and the fight,  
The spur of courage and the warrior's way  
To where, sun-crowned, the arduous hill-tops rise:  
Then comes the surge of spirit and the light  
That, bursting through, reveals new-venturing Day  
And gives again God's mercies to Man's eyes.*

GORELL.

# LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

## THE KAISER

When the German Empire collapsed in 1918 it was natural that the last of the Hohenzollerns, like everyone else who had played a leading part in the First World War, should desire to prove that it was not his fault. His first attempts was in his rather colourless Memoirs. The second was made by the gifted publicist Nowak, who was invited to Doorn and supplied with documentary and oral information. After the publication of the first two volumes, which only brought the narrative down to 1894, the author died. Emil Ludwig's popular biography was no substitute for the unfinished work, for that brilliant writer possessed no inside knowledge. The first authoritative account of the whole reign has been supplied by Joachim von Kurenborg, who has utilised many conversations with the fallen ruler in his closing years. It is unquestionably the best of the biographies, at once sympathetic and critical.

Many English readers know the author by his study of Holstein, the Mystery Man of the Wilhelmstrasse, and the Preface to his latest work states his qualifications for this more important task. His writings on Holstein, Krupp, Princess Bismarck, Menzel and other celebrities had aroused the Kaiser's interest, and he paid his first visit in 1935. He had met him for the first time as a young Guardsman at Potsdam, and during the First World War he had served in the German Embassies in Constantinople, Rome and Vienna. Having seen so much of history in the making he proceeded to accumulate a mass of material which only needed to be supplemented by personal contact with the man who had stood in the centre of the world's stage for half a century. When asked how he intended to deal with the subject, the visitor replied "with justice." "So far," rejoined the host, "I have noticed very little doing of justice. What has been written about me is mostly distorted, false or silly." After each talk the author made full notes. His host lived just long enough to read the Swiss edition, not agreeing with all of it but declaring that it tried to describe his life and times with accuracy and justice.

Though there is not a dull page in the book, its importance is mainly due to the Kaiser's table-talk. It reveals a temperamental, well-meaning ruler of considerable ability, neither a despot nor a warmonger, who in old age looked back on his eventful life and found no need to apologise. That he was out of touch with his liberal parents was more his misfortune than his fault, for he had as much right to his opinions as they to theirs. His mother was English not by blood alone but in mind and heart, and his father, though just as patriotic as William I and William II, preferred Weimar to Potsdam. When Sir Frederick Ponsonby, after the collapse of the Empire, published the correspondence of the Empress Frederick with Queen Victoria, the world was shocked by the venom with which she denounced her eldest son. The Kaiser was seen at his best in the magnanimous Foreword he supplied to a German translation of the letters in which he refrained from controversy and left the dispute to history. "Speaking in Doorn about his mother," records the biographer, "it could happen that in his excitement very bitter remarks escaped him. But if he was speaking composedly about her he did so with a deep sense of devotion and often with an almost exaggerated respect. Then he would use such expressions as that unique woman and even the great Empress." He denounced Morell Mackenzie, the English throat specialist; as a charlatan, and on this controversial topic the visitor shared his opinion. But in another painful incident, the *cordon* round the palace, the author condemns the heartless treatment of the distracted widow at the moment of her tragic loss. "The measures taken were severe but neces-

sary," commented the Kaiser. "The object of isolating the Palace was to prevent state or secret documents being conveyed to England by my mother, a possibility of which Bismarck had warned me." Unconvinced by this argument the biographer very rightly remarks that ordinary people could not comprehend a weeping mother being treated like that.

On reaching the accession in 1888 in his thirtieth year the biographer attempts a candid portrait. That he lacked some qualities needed by a ruler was obvious to friends no less than to foes. "Just as the Empress Frederick often showed herself unbalanced and disputatious, so the character of her eldest son was fundamentally unstable. Mastery over himself he never really learned. Usually he took little account of other people's opinions. He could not listen to others, not even later at Doorn. In talking his desire to dominate was clearly evident. He tried to gain the upper hand from the start, beginning by putting some questions which the visitor could not have expected. Seldom did a Minister manage to conclude a report without interruption. His propensity to impulsiveness, zeal for novelty, brusqueness and capriciousness he could never eradicate. He never understood how gravely his speeches harmed himself and the Reich." As against these strictures the biographer admits his wide intellectual interests, the high standard of his private life, and his personal charm.

That his Chancellors found him rather a trial is not surprising. He cannot be seriously blamed for the breach with Bismarck, for the veteran statesman tried to clip his wings, which no young German ruler of spirit could be expected to permit. With Caprivi—an obvious stop-gap—his relations were always cool. Prince Hohenlohe was too distinguished to be ignored, but his diaries reveal the chronic strain of collaboration. The happiest time of the reign from the Kaiser's point of view was the first decade of Bülow's Chancellorship, partly because the association was facilitated by copious flattery. Yet the breach resulting from Bülow's disloyal handling of the *Daily Telegraph* incident left a scar which never healed, and in his old age the Kaiser declared that his three chief enemies had been Bismarck, Bülow and Bebel. The lofty integrity of Bethmann Hollweg, his fifth Chancellor, gained his respect; but his lengthy reports on current affairs bored the ruler who preferred the sound of his own voice to that of his advisers or anyone else, and complained that Bethmann was too much of the school-master.

His seven children, with the exception of his daughter Luise, meant little to him. All their love went to their mother, the pious but very limited Augusta, who frowned on loose living and unorthodox beliefs. Though the Kaiser respected and admired her domestic virtues, he was always glad to sail away on his yacht in Scandinavian waters without her. Rulers rarely have intimate friends among their entourage, and the gifted Eulenburg alone appears to have won his affection. In a book so full of political and personal enmities it is pleasant to find the following verdict on Eulenburg delivered in the last years at Doorn. "I am indebted to him for much that was fine and beautiful in art, science and literature. For decades he was loyal to me as a good friend. Whether there is truth in certain allegations against him I cannot decide. In any case I shall always cherish a grateful memory of him." When he faded out of the Kaiser's life as a result of the notorious trial, which was discontinued on grounds of health before the verdict was pronounced, the vacant place was never filled. At heart William II, like most rulers, was a lonely man.

The later chapters deal with the causes and the consequences of the First World War. After the flood of official and unofficial publications no serious student of the evidence now asserts that the Kaiser planned to conquer the world or welcomed the conflict when it came. But that is not to say that fatal mistakes were not made. Germany had as much right to build a big fleet as any other country, but it was extremely unwise to do so; for it drove England into



the arms of France and Russia, led to the creation of the Triple Entente, wrecked the alliance with Italy, and alienated the sympathy of the United States whose security demanded the survival of the British Commonwealth. The greatest blunder of the Kaiser's reign was to follow the advice of Tirpitz rather than that of Bethmann and Count Metternich, the far-seeing Ambassador in London, who reported that the *Flottenpolitik* would turn an old friend into a formidable enemy. Rulers, like statesmen, rarely admit their mistakes, and there is no sign in these pages that William II ever realised that his passion for a big navy was one of the reasons why he found himself at Doorn. The miscalculation was all the more deplorable since he prided himself on his knowledge of his mother's country and knew that the navy was to the English what the army was to the Germans.

During the war years the Kaiser's flamboyant figure faded away till it was scarcely visible behind the dynamic personalities of Hindenburg and Ludendorff. No one can accuse him of the colossal mistakes which lost the war—from the monstrous crime of the violation of Belgian neutrality, which forced the British Commonwealth into the struggle, to the launching of the unlimited submarine campaign which involved the belligerence of the United States. Henceforth—despite the collapse of Russia in 1917 and the spring offensive in the west in 1918—the defeat of Germany and her three allies, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey, was a mere matter of time. The Kaiser took the catastrophe more calmly than the Kaiserin who had a weak heart and may be counted as a war casualty. The biographer thinks that the flight to Holland was an error in tactics. Exile was rendered tolerable by the possession of a tranquil conscience and a happy second marriage. Old age, he declared, had made him more tolerant. "During these long years of exile," he remarked to the biographer, "one becomes more critical of oneself. I am grateful to all those who have stood by me as firmly in my misfortunes as they did when fortune was on my side, and I can esteem those whose honest convictions lead them to oppose me." Now that we can see the whole drama of his life in broad perspective we realise that William II was neither a superman nor—except in his own imagination—the effective ruler of his country, but a mixture of fine qualities and unfortunate failings. "Far be it from me," declared Landsberg, the Social Democratic Minister of Justice after the flight of the Kaiser, "to attack a man who has been greatly stricken by misfortune and whose intentions have always been good and pure." It was the tragedy of Germany and the world that good intentions in her ruler were not enough.

G. P. GOOCH.

Joachim von Kürenberg, *The Kaiser*. Cassell. 30s.

## ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE 16th CENTURY

This massive volume is a notable contribution to *The Oxford History of English Literature* of which Professors F. P. Wilson and Bonamy Dobrée are the general editors. Even with the exclusion of Drama Mr. C. S. Lewis finds sufficient material for a masterly survey of just over 700 pages. In an introductory chapter he seeks to dispel some misconceptions regarding the period. Neither the revolution in astronomy nor in geography had as powerful an effect upon the literature of the century as has been frequently assumed, and distorting modern interpretations have often been given to such leading terms as 'humanism' and 'puritanism.' But Mr. Lewis himself is in difficulties with nomenclature when he divides his study into the Late Medieval, the Drab, and the Golden Ages, but does not attach to the two latter epithets all the customary implications. For the most representative figures, especially in verse, of his first age Mr. Lewis goes to Scotland. In his discussion of Gavin Douglas's translation of the *Æneid*, as contrasted with Dryden's, and his warning to modern readers not to misconceive

the Scottish vernacular as 'quaintness,' Mr. Lewis shows his remarkable faculty for combining in one sweep broad generalization and detailed analysis. William Dunbar excels in various styles, the comic that overlaps with the demoniac and the terrifying, as in the *Twa Mariit Wemen and the Wedo*; the religious, as in the poems on the Nativity and the Resurrection; and the 'gnomic lyrics,' akin to the *Odes* of Horace.

"In turning from the Scottish poetry of that age to the English, we pass from civilization to barbarism," writes Mr. Lewis, though the reverse might have been expected from the social background. Hawes, Barclay, and the other 'bad poets,' as Mr. Lewis roundly terms them, made no effort "to heal the disease of which English verse had been slowly dying for a century—the disease of bad metre." It was John Skelton who essayed a remedy with his 'Skeltonics,' and Mr. Lewis's diagnosis of their successful application to very diverse themes culminates in his verdict on *Philip Sparow*, "the first great poem of childhood. . . . It is indeed the lightest—the most like a bubble—of all the poems I know." In prose the highest commendation goes to Lord Berners for his translation of Froissart which "fits the original like a glove." It is a paradox that the prose of the Drab Age should have its most fertile offspring in a Latin work, More's *Utopia*, which we approach "through a cloud of contradictory eulogies," and which to Mr. Lewis is "a holiday work, a spontaneous overflow of intellectual high spirits." He cannot accept without serious reservations the high claims that have recently been made for More's English prose. As regards style, Sir Thomas has his superior in his chief theological opponent, Tyndale, who is "beyond comparison, lighter, swifter, more economical." Of Latimer it is pithily said that "he would have been a fine broadcaster." The chief glory, however, of the period in prose was the English Prayer Book. In passing to Drab Age lyrical verse, Mr. Lewis gives the important reminder that most, perhaps all, of it was to be regarded as words for music, and that the best of Sir Thomas Wyatt's poetry is to be found in the song books. His Petrarchan sonnets are more of historical importance than of intrinsic poetic value, and the poulter's measure is dismissed as "terrible," but he skillfully adapts *terza rima* from Alamanni. The Earl of Surrey is less related to the native lyrical tradition, but introduced a type of sonnet "less greedy of rhymes," and the "strange metre" of blank verse in his translation of two books of the *Æneid*. Tottel's *Miscellany* as a whole, and the *Mirror for Magistrates*, and 'Sternhold and Hopkins,' are passed in review as the chief composite monuments of the Drab Age, followed by the translations, Phaer's *Æneid*, Golding's *Metamorphoses* and Turberville's *Heroical Epistles*. Among the later original Drab verse-writers Mr. Lewis selects Gascoigne whose grace and melody bring him "to the verge of the Golden quality."

In a large series of writers of Transitional Prose it is Roger Ascham who wins Mr. Lewis's heart with *Toxophilus*, where the appeal of archery is akin to that of cricket now; and William Harrison who, in his *Description of Britain* is "the most Herodotean of our writers." On the other hand he does not give Lyly much credit for originality of style. "What constitutes euphuism is neither the structural devices nor the unnatural history, but the unremitting use of both. The excess is the novelty." It is to his plays that we must go for his real excellence. The Golden Age begins with a chapter devoted to Sidney and Spenser. Of Sir Philip as a man, a poet, and a romance-writer, Mr. Lewis speaks in the most appreciative terms, and he champions the revised, complicated *Arcadise* against the old simpler form. Of Spenser's minor poems, especially the *Shepherd's Calendar*, it may be thought that he gives too grudging an estimate. On the other hand he has an illuminating analysis of *The Faerie Queene* as the fusion of mediaeval allegory and the more recent romantic allegory of the Italians. Its style is intended to create not an excitement but "a certain quiet in our minds."

Limits of space allow of attention being drawn to only a few arresting statements in the following chapters. In the *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity* Hooker's "style is, for its purpose, perhaps, the most perfect in England." Marlowe's unfinished *Hero and Leander* "is a more perfect work than any of his plays, not because their poetry is inferior to it, but because in it the poetry and the theme are at one." Shakespeare's sonnets are "the very heart of the Golden Age, the highest and purest achievement of the Golden way of writing." Such epigrammatic conclusions may not win universal assent, but Mr. Lewis's combination of individual approach and far-reaching survey, supplemented by a detailed chronological table and bibliography, will make his book of special value to every student of his subject.

DR. F. S. BOAS.

*English Literature in the Sixteenth Century (Excluding Drama).* By C. S. Lewis. Clarendon Press. 30s.

### THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S LETTERS

Here are two appetising volumes full of vitality, excitement, amusement, adventure—and of course, politics and history. They are the last in the series of eight volumes, edited by Professor Morison of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and twenty-one assistant editors. It is a monumental work, but not complete for this active American wrote thousands of letters in his lifetime, and some of them are many pages long. One (to George Otto Trevelyan) is almost 34,000 words. The editors have tried to pick those letters that would reveal, in so far as letters can, Roosevelt's thought and action in all the major and many of the minor undertakings of his public and private life, and they have certainly succeeded in this task. The footnotes are compact, discreet, and witty, and help the reader to understand the letters, along with the appendices which are ably edited by John M. Blum. Sometimes the footnotes to a letter contain information which can be found in other letters, for the editors have rightly assumed that few readers will read the collection from cover to cover as they would a novel. These two volumes cover the period when the ex-President plunged into the African jungle to conduct the first systematic and comprehensive investigation of the flora and fauna of East Africa, was lionised by European society, including the Kaiser, and returned to re-enter the political scene by leading the Progressive Movement. After his defeat as a Bull Moose in 1912 he turned explorer once again, and barely escaped with his life from the wilds of Brazil, only to return to his country to campaign against Wilson and for American participation in the First World War, and to die peacefully in his bed.

Chosen from the T. R. collection in the Library of Congress, and 135 other collections, the letters reveal the "rough rider" as a man of amazing vitality and candour, a nature lover, a self-avowed preacher, a superficial historian (*e.g.*, letter to J. J. Walsh, p. 1100), a devoted family man, a stout-hearted patriot, with incredible optimism who strove constantly to make his nation a better country to live in, a born leader ("I would like to have remained President . . . any strong man would have . . . no other President enjoyed the Presidency as I did."), a prodigious reader (Macaulay, Carlyle, Shakespeare, Lowell, Kipling—"nine tenths of Browning, in bulk, is wash"), an independent political thinker (he anticipated danger from Germany and Japan well in advance of most of the American people; when his party refused to agree with some of his political doctrines he broke away quickly and formed his own party), an amateur diplomat (he acted as peace ambassador for Carnegie and Root in France, Italy, Austria, and Germany), a philosopher of war and government, a dilettante, a journalist (not only did he write many books and articles but also dictated opinions to the press that followed him), and above all, a figure of his age in politics and opinion. The feeling that life was an exciting adventure never left him and was expressed

in his first letter, written when he was nine years old. He was somewhat over-confident, however, and not very self-critical. He seemed to lack balance for his opinions and feelings were often extreme. When he attacked a person, nation, or idea, he manifested tremendous power and enthusiasm. This trait made him unpopular in some quarters and weakened his capacity for historical judgment. Although he campaigned vigorously for William Howard Taft to succeed him as president, it took him only a few months to turn bitterly against him for not carrying out all the policies he had suggested. His campaign against Wilson was not only a partisan basis for he detested Wilson personally. He was not always as popular as he would have liked, and doubted whether he had "any real friends outside my own family and the Lodges." Nevertheless, like Franklin Roosevelt, he was respected and admired by many people and in some of his opinions he was a bit ahead of his time. He strove for close co-operation between the United States and the British Empire, for he felt that these two great powers were destined to remain friendly leaders of a world of democracy and peace. His contacts with English settlers and officials in Africa were cordial—"the day is past when an American was regarded as a poor relation"—and he had great respect for most British politicians, especially Balfour; but he remained critical of British policies abroad ("I should greatly like to handle Egypt and India for a few months"). Among American politicians he most respected Root: "he was *the* man in my cabinet, the man on whom I most relied, to whom I owed most, the greatest Secretary of State we have ever had."

Perhaps he will be praised more by future historians for his internal policies than his judgments and actions in foreign affairs. He believed himself to be the heart of the creative programme of the Republicans of the centre and left that has played an important part in American politics from Lincoln to Eisenhower. Although more trusts were "busted" in succeeding administrations, he has gone down in history as "the trust-buster" for he felt strongly that the United States could remain a land of predominantly free enterprise without requiring huge monopolies which restrained trade. To understand part of his political philosophy one should read William Allen White's "A Certain Rich Man." This book "represents the major part of what I struggled for, what I had closest at heart, what I strove to accomplish, as President." It also helps to explain his attitude towards tariff criticism, and his support of Federal Inheritance and Corporation

Taxes.

RALPH LOMBARDI.

*The Days of Armageddon, 1900-1919. The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt, Vols VII and VIII.* Edited by Elting E. Morison. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass., 1954. \$20.

## BORN TO RULE

Catherine, Empress of Russia, surnamed—it was the Prince de Ligne who first called her so—the Great, died in 1796. Among her papers was found a sealed envelope addressed to her son and successor. It proved to be a manuscript in French commenced when the writer had been nine years on the throne. At the age of forty-two she had looked back to her early years and had begun to set down the experiences as she remembered them of the girl, who, born and bred in a petty German court, had been taken at fifteen years of age to Russia to become the bride of the heir to the throne. When in 1859 Alexander Herzen published his edition of the memoirs some doubt was expressed as to their authenticity. That doubt has since been dispelled. Now a new edition has been prepared by Dominique Maroger, with a translation by Maura Budberg and, as is most fitting and proper, an Introduction by Dr. G. P. Gooch. Regrets that the memoirs were never completed have been and are inevitable. In two parts

with an interval of twenty years between them, they stop short three years before the *coup d'état* of 1762 which brought the writer to the throne. Their story is that of the great Empress that was to be. Among the many revealing paragraphs there is none more so than that in which the middle-aged woman relates the episode of the arrival of the message from Russia at the little court at Stettin. Did the fifteen year old then in truth assure the mother who was dubious about accepting the invitation that they must go since her "whole future was at stake," or is this merely an instance of Catherine's dramatic skill in presenting the picture of herself, reading back into the past that sense of destiny which was no idle dream but something which informed and guided her whole career. It is with this in mind that the memoirs must be read.

They are not the less fascinating on that account. There is the arrival in Russia; the journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow, fifty-two hours in all, travelling in a sleigh day and night, the meeting with the Empress "I remember I had a tight fitting dress, without a hoop, of rose moiré and silver;" and so the story unfolds. It is one in which the background incredible magnificence jostles with incredible barbarity; riches with abject poverty; a court of which to say it was brimming with intrigue would be an understatement; and in that court the central figure as the writer saw her, the chosen bride and then the wife of the heir, beset by perils, always full of resource in escaping them. She played a lone hand. The Grand Duke Peter was not a help. He was a problem; and doubly so. No one, Catherine least of all, could have any doubt as to his unfittedness for the task to which he would be called. Complete domination by his wife was a possible solution. It was a role that Catherine would have played with mastery and yet with dignity, but it was hardly likely to be a practicable one. There was too the other side of the problem so clearly depicted in the memoirs, namely, the personal relationship between husband and wife. In Catherine's estimate of Peter, base, brutal, drunken, we are once more confronted with the difficulty of seeing how far she was again dramatising, deliberately, the situation, this time, as so often, to justify herself and her own actions. We know how the political problem was solved. We know that Catherine intended to become Empress and that she achieved her object. We do not know whether or no she connived at the actual murder. Soltikov was the first answer to the second part of the problem. He plays his part in the memoirs, but we do not know whether he or Peter was the father of the boy Paul. As Dr. Gooch remarks "the debate continues." If the lover were indeed the father then no drop of Romanov blood ran in the veins of the succeeding Czars and such royal blood as they could claim derived from the line Holstein-Gottorp. But that German blood had been Russianized. As Catherine unfolds the story of her apprenticeship, its trials, its stresses, its perils, its comedies, it is abundantly evident that here is the Russia to which she was to dedicate herself; of which she, as ruler, was to become an integral part.

To the memoirs are added a *bonne bouche* in the shape of some Thoughts and Letters. These all too brief scattered snatches are eloquent with the personality of the woman who in the age of enlightened despots was supreme among them. She writes to Poniatovski, to Potemkin; she discusses autocratic government; she sets forth her moral ideal; she details with supreme skill the portrait of the Empress Elizabeth. That she should list her own achievements is quite in character, as much as in writing her own epitaph. Of the impressions conveyed throughout the entire volume the strongest is perhaps that Catherine, in whatever connection, always remained mistress of the situation.

GLADYS SCOTT THOMSON.

*The Memoirs of Catherine the Great.* Edited by Dominique Maroger. Hamish Hamilton. 25s.



## OLIVE SCHREINER

The lives of two one-time governesses, each breaking out abruptly into literary fame, overlapped by a week only, Charlotte Brontë dying in Yorkshire on March 31, 1855, while Olive Schreiner had been born in Basutoland on March 24, the daughter of a German missionary. Charlotte, after ups and downs of reputation, is a classic author, belonging to a period sufficiently remote. Olive Schreiner, who was living until 1920, is disturbingly a modern; her world contains our problems, and her mind, instead of retiring from political and social arguments, rushes out to meet them. She is difficult to sum up, for her impetuous rush was not always in the same direction. As a champion of feminine freedom her fame *should* have rested on her treatise *Woman and Labour* (but how she could hate women!); and her stock fell, naturally, with the British whom she roundly censured for jingoism, favouring the Boers. The question of liberty began at home, and meant the prerogative of changing plans and domiciles, disagreeing violently with groups or individuals, refusing compromise and withholding apology. As a writer—but how far an artist?—her success does rest on her first-published novel *The Story of an African Farm*; and even this must undergo some questioning. Sections hailed for their poetic quality now look tarnished (though her present biographer does not think so), and her craftsmanship, compared with Charlotte Brontë's, is at sea. She wrote as she lived and as she thought—spontaneously, without intellectual pattern or self-discipline to blunt her faults or virtues, and without security against veering views. The *African Farm* is an imperative, passionate muddle of a book, blazing with colour and protest and conviction, part novel, part meditation, part autobiography, part allegory; and above all, packed with life. It is easy to see now why it made such an impact once the cautiousness of publishers had let it through. "Tell me what a man dreams, and I will tell you what he loves"; apart from the sad heroic figures who are facets of their author, the book stabs continually with these needle-points of vision. Some are romanticized, as Olive herself could never be by those who knew her. It is part of her tragic turbulence to have been so often contrary, unaccommodating, downright quarrelsome, partly through chronic asthma and partly through want of mental harmony. She could be both magnificent and odious—a keen asset to posterity which may surely rejoice that at least one of its honoured women was entirely mortal.

Mrs. Hobman's biography has the merits of sincerity, balance and unpretentiousness. Of new material she has only a few letters, and she has not attempted either exhaustive detail or interpretive criticism. For many intimacies the reader may still go to the *Life* by Olive's husband, Cronwright-Schreiner; but its attitude and conclusions also require checking, and Mrs. Hobman is alive to the necessity. Cronwright is himself a part of the drama; his devotion, sacrifice and admiration must be set off against a righteous inflexibility to which the impulse of the wayward genius was largely a closed book. Seen at this distance Cronwright appears arrogant, to the point of belittling his wife. Mrs. Hobman rightly questions his assertion that Olive could not, as she claimed, have lost an earlier and more elaborate manuscript of *Woman and Labour*, since he had not been told of it. Yet all the time the manuscript of her early novel *Undine*, quite unknown to Cronwright, was in the hands of Havelock Ellis. To marry Olive Schreiner was not to possess all her secrets; she had forgotten some of them herself.

On Ellis, whose relations with Olive, as with other women, are capable of mixed interpretations, Mrs. Hobman is not clarifying. At least he, like Beatrice Webb and Edward Carpenter, but unlike Cecil Rhodes (whom Olive attacked ferociously), remained as friend. It is a measure of her wide interests that to circumnavigate them Mrs. Hobman has to tackle the Boer war and racial preju-

dice, pacifism, religion and agnosticism, women's rights. And through all these no final portrait of artist or reformer can emerge. The stocky, emphatic little figure appeals, even absorbingly, as a confusion of inborn prejudice and fiery enlightenment, of conflicting championships and poetic aberrations. Much of her striving seems a wasted product of *malaise*. Yet she lives amply.

Among humanitarians of that period a complete contrast, for singleness of aim and resolute action, was the Belgian Father Damien whose death in 1889 in the South Seas was that of a near saint. Here was a dedicated soul that never faltered in an appalling mercy mission to the lepers of Molokai Island, bringing clean conditions, new houses and a sense of their humanity to these abandoned wretches, fearlessly accepting his own destiny as a leper amongst lepers, doomed to die horribly. He too could be headstrong, but selflessly so, for the good of his tainted flock. It says little for human nature that such an altruist was attacked after his death so virulently as to call for a long vindictory letter from Robert Louis Stevenson when he visited the islands. Mr. Farrow has retold the moving story with a proud and confident simplicity, for Damien now needs no apologist. Of the two biographers he has had by far the easier task. SYLVA NORMAN.

*Olive Schreiner: Her Friends and Times.* By D. L. Hobman. Watts. 15s.

*Damien the Leper.* By John Farrow. Sheed and Ward. 8s. 6d.

## LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

What are the points which the author seeks to prove in this much belaboured and belabouring book? Chiefly, they are that this uncrowned "Prince of Mecca," this enigmatic hero of a newspaper public, was from school-days upwards an habitual liar; a man whose tall tales contradicted each other; a man whose unfocussed will to power, and later unfocussed will to abasement, accomplished feats of literature and action only, as it were, incidentally, since they held always no object in view save a purely egomaniac satisfaction. These make a terrible roll of charges against, perhaps, the most eulogised figure in twentieth-century public life; but it must be admitted that Mr. Aldington has gathered, sorted, and ordered his facts in a scholarly and formidable manner. Thus, his accusation of mendacity begins when he checks the distances which Lawrence told his friends that he covered in early cycling-tours in France against the mileage shown on the map. Such process of threefold magnification from the actual facts of the circumstance, Mr. Aldington proves to us, Lawrence repeated in all reports of matters that concerned him. This calls into question not only the moral integrity of Lawrence but the whole validity of his contribution to the Arab War and the Allied Cause. Pretty conclusively Mr. Aldington shows that the public image of Lawrence blossomed from his spoken or written words, supported by the cheers and plaudits of what he terms "the Lawrence Bureau" (a group of Lawrence's friends and admirers which include Lowell Thomas, Robert Graves, Mrs. Bernard Shaw, Sir Ronald Storrs, Alan Dawney and D. G. Hogarth). To name them here is not to question the honest intention behind their accounts, since these in their turn, directly or indirectly, derived in most cases from Lawrence himself. As Mr. Randolph Churchill declared, this book detonates "the Lawrence myth"—that chimerical sum of all heroic virtues. What we may doubt its capacity to do is to replace the plaster-cast figure with the likeness of a living man. It is possible enough that Mr. Aldington is right in his post-mortem on Lawrence, and that the latter's "guilty secret" (the conscious burden of his illegitimate birth), together with his puritanical upbringing, explain his harsh and secretive nature, his sterile will to power, and his loveless existence. But granting the force of Mr. Aldington's critique, we cannot ignore the aggression and malice with which the author has pursued his subject. Nor is this acerbity focussed on the person of Lawrence alone. Rather, it plays in spiteful

aura around all things that Lawrence approved of and with which he was associated. Oxford, for example, is pilloried as the source and seat of effeminism, or worn aesthetic posing, and supercilious thought. Now this is a factor which reviewers have remarked on, without seeking an explanation. Indeed, their response has been as "trigger-happy" as Mr. Aldington himself. This, maybe, is a natural reaction, but not one that makes for a balanced criticism.

As we have Mr. Graves' assurance that Mr. Aldington never knew the subject of his book, it is permissible to guess at the reason for the study's sustained antipathy. My own hazard is that in writing on Lawrence Mr. Aldington found himself confronted with an incarnation of many principles most dynamically opposed to his own. From our knowledge of his writing we know this author to be a believer in the natural sensual life, in a liberal rational hedonism, with a great distrust of political ideals and religious disciplines in so far as these would subject the individual to their ends. We know Mr. Aldington to be a lover and admirer of France and all that the Gallic way entails. Coming to Lawrence, we discover the instinctive obverse of these traits and preferences: a private cult of continence and fasting, a passionate misogyny, a collective attitude in political matters, and a peculiar combination of nihilism and absolutism concerning the spheres of morals and values. With such potential antinomies present, need we wonder at the head-on collision from which this book would seem to have resulted? In his Introduction Mr. Aldington makes no claim to have written "the definitive biography of Lawrence." Instead, he terms it "a Biographical Enquiry." This it certainly is—a transitional study of great importance. With Mr. Aldington's demolitions over, it is to be hoped that the site lies waiting for some future builder of charity and pity.

DEREK STANFORD.

*Lawrence of Arabia.* By Richard Aldington. Collins. 25s.

### THE HERESY OF DEMOCRACY

In the present disturbing situation in which the world is clearly divided by sharply opposed ideologies there is a great need for intellectual clarification of our own position, particularly if we recognise the attraction which Communism has for so many people in spite of, or perhaps because of, its gross over-simplification of the relations between mind and matter. Those who turn to Lord Percy for help and guidance in their anxiety to defend their values against the totalitarian onslaught which threatens to overwhelm them will derive little satisfaction from this provocative and clever but somewhat confused and confusing book. The author states categorically that the difference between good and bad government lies, not in what men from time to time devise, but in what they believe. This statement is about as true or untrue as the Marxist thesis that what men believe is merely the reflection of what they are; and what they are is itself nothing but the manifestation of economic and technological conditions. Lord Percy has tried to turn Marx upside down, and in his desire to provide a spiritual rather than a materialist analysis has given us a wholly intellectualist interpretation in which it is quite simple to use or to misuse terms in any way that seems to suit the argument in hand, to the utter confusion of the reader. Take for instance the following statement: "In Europe the years since 1914 began by destroying the State systems which represented in one form or another the subjection of Church to State or of State to Church: the State-Church of the Tsars, the Church-State of the Hapsburgs, the domestic chaplain-Church of the Hohenzollern." I have tried very hard to attach any precise meaning to this pretty play with words but have come to the conclusion that the terms employed are about as meaningless as the main thesis of the book which differentiates between "totalitarian" democracy, a term which comprises the Welfare State on the one hand and Hitlerism and Communism on the other, and a political philosophy which the

author calls Constitutionalism. Even if it is true that there are elements in the totalitarian philosophies which derive from the main stream of our civilisation, no useful purpose can possibly be served when such palpably different political phenomena as the British Welfare State and the Nazi Dictatorship are derived from Jacobinism. First of all Jacobinism was by no means as simple and clearly defined as the author seems to think and, secondly, most modern historians, even if they are not tainted by Marxism, would contend that political phenomena in general and the modern "*Machtstaat*" in particular are based less on theories than on economic and technological factors which have influenced our modern society more deeply than any political thinker ever did. If Communism in Russia, liberal Socialism in Great Britain and individual democracy in America share certain features, the conclusion cannot be that they are fundamentally identical, but that they are attempts to solve certain basic problems which they all have in common. To overlook their real differences, which are only too painfully apparent in spite of these similarities on the surface, is just as gross an oversimplification as any Marxist was ever guilty of. Lord Percy's analysis then is certainly not that of an historian, as he himself claims, but rather that of a speculative thinker who constructs intellectual castles in a kind of vacuum. When he commits himself to more factual statements which can be checked against historical fact, he reveals himself often as a man who holds surprisingly naive and mildly reactionary views. This naive approach shows itself most markedly in his analysis of Hitlerism, which no more derives from Rousseau or the Jacobins than does for instance Japanese imperialism. It is quite true that Nazism revealed with particular ugliness the abyss to which racialism and nationalism can lead people who have renounced the moral principles on which our civilisation is built, but surely there is more in this civilisation of ours than Lord Percy's rather insular conception of British constitutionalism. R. ARIS.

*The Heresy of Democracy.* A study in the history of Government. By Lord Percy of Newcastle. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.

## THE MIND OF MAN

"Nature, it seems," says La Rochefoucauld, "has prescribed for each man, since birth, limits for his virtues and vices." The resources of his moral determination can probe the bounds of these determined limits. In the First Comte Memorial Trust Lecture, which indeed could better be called the First Comte Demolition Lecture, Mr. Isaiah Berlin has stressed the importance of moral responsibility—some of his critics have said with an excess of rhetoric and certainly in sentences that run to eleven and even to twenty-two lines. The learned world waits for Mr. Berlin's great book, which will do justice to his genius; meanwhile he seems here still preoccupied with that historical determinism which he found obsessing and distorting the work of Tolstoi. He transfers his animus on to Comte and comes, not to praise, but to bury him. I yield to none in my devotion to moral responsibility as the needed medicine for this age (while bearing in mind, on free will, the admirably balanced thesis of Lord Samuel) although, as I recite with Pericles that "the price of liberty is courage," my eye visualizes the cowed and mushroom Fate, which dares us to challenge death whilst *solvat saeculum in favilla*. But I confess to thinking that poor Comte has been here unkindly served; and I doubt whether his ghost will now lie down while over him, along with other massacred men, requiem is chanted by Mr. Berlin in All Souls.

Mr. Gilbert Highet, of Scotland and sometime of Balliol, in the halls of Columbia urbanely and neatly expounds, as he has also said here in *The Mind of Man*, how the modern West has civilized itself by learning from its parent, the Greco-Roman world. Competently and well we are told how Omaha should learn

from the wily Odysseus, and Chicago find consolation in Boethius. Here is an example—and Professor Highet knows his expected role—of a well-established branch of educational literature, which gives to the esurient moderns the opulent legacy of the ages. How different Mr. Berlin, who scolds perhaps pretentious modern thinkers for seeking to establish a patterned and scientific study of man. It is the more original work, but maybe it is the more wrong-headed; and one wonders why the London School Trustees felt so sanguinary-minded towards their eponymous hero Comte. We can indeed say that the sociologists have produced scarcely a result in a century, for all their dreary surveys and generalizations. No more did the alchemists transmute the elements for eight centuries. I recall a comment of a professor M. Polanyi upon the Lysenko controversy: "In Morozov's opinion a science which in twenty years has produced no important practical results at his plant-breeding station could not possibly be sound." Mr. Berlin's learning is such that we are confident that he knows both the literature and the real nature of the pattern of historical inevitability in the context of sociology, but he scarcely lets his readers into the secret. Origen, Vico, also Professor Butterfield are mentioned; but there is not a reference to indicate acquaintance with the relevant discussions of Max Weber, Durkheim, Thomas and Znaniecki, Lasswell, Homans, and indeed with Plekhanov's subtle if deceptive *Role of the Individual in History* (reference is made to his other major book). Again, cannot we abstract from the booming, buzzing concrete of social experience patterns for study as constants? Nor need the sequence of means and effects, in their hypothetical structures, involve dogmatism about our choices and ends in historical reality. To say that such research and comparisons are useless is an objection, of which the onus of proof lies with the objector. Maybe, however, political science and sociology will still be justified of their children of which the progenitor is a greater than Comte, to wit, Aristotle. And maybe the Comte Trustees will some day choose to have a lecture in cautious praise of Comte.

GEORGE CATLIN.

*Historical Inevitability.* By Isaiah Berlin. Oxford University Press. 6s.  
*The Mind of Man.* By Gilbert Highet. Oxford University Press. 16s.

## WHITE AFRICANS

The author of this book, who has spent thirty-five years farming in Kenya with eyes ever open to ways of improving the country's economic position and a vigorous, constructive mind, sees a great future for the country he has made his own. In spite of all the conflict and divisions of recent times he envisages the possibility of an integrated economy in which "white Africans" would take their place beside "black Africans." His schemes are on a grand scale and, although he recognises the need of full African assent and co-operation, it may seem that at times his enthusiasm blinds him to the difficulties. He recognises the need for a wide extension of education, for girls and boys alike, so that educated African leadership may be forthcoming and through their help the fears of change, especially of industrial development, which are natural enough to the African, may be overcome. Like Mrs. Elspeth Huxley, who contributes an Introduction, Mr. Lipscombe aims at a multi-racial society. With his suggestions for the breaking down of racial barriers he shows how far he is removed from *Apartheid* ideas. He would have villages in the White Reserves where retired farm-workers could live, with allotments to provide them with food, and other amenities, such as markets and "hotelli" or cafés. Moreover, even more far-reaching, he would allow qualified Africans to apply to lease such new smallholdings in the "White Highlands" as through the arrangements of the landowner or the breaking-in of new land had come on to the market. Through improved means of agriculture he sees the possibility of farms becoming smaller



and of an increase in the number of small farms where intensive culture will be carried out. In this way he envisages an increase in the number of farmers who under present conditions of education would inevitably mostly be White.

In the matter of the tribal reserves, or "land-units," Mr. Lipscombe has some revolutionary suggestions. He gives interesting surveys of the position in the various land-units and shows how on some of them, owing to overstocking and faulty and unimaginative methods, the soil is being exhausted and eroded. The Masari in particular come under his stricture. In each area he would like to see instruction given on the locally appropriate farming methods. Where these were not carried out satisfactorily he would oblige the owner to lease his land to a member of the same tribe who would undertake to co-operate. He deplores the present system of land tenure which discourages improvement of the land, and would like to see every encouragement given to enterprising Africans who by terracing and hedging and building of stockyards would increase the productivity of their holdings. The African farmer should be able to employ labour on his land under proper conditions of pay. The general position in the Reserves would be relieved by a system of social insurance for the aged which would enable them to live in villages, whether in the European Reserves or elsewhere. Villages where artisans, masons or carpenters and other tradespeople could ply their occupations would absorb some of the people. But it is in industrial development that Mr. Lipscombe sees the greatest hope for the colony. If the misgivings and fears of the Africans can be allayed and proper safeguards devised to ensure that a proper share of the benefits accrue to them, he considers this a vital part of his scheme. The elaboration of the proposals is full of interest and worthy of study.

MOSA ANDERSON.

*White Africans.* By J. F. Lipscombe. Faber & Faber. 12s. 6d.

### DEFOE'S LETTERS

Daniel Defoe was one of the most interesting figures of the eighteenth century; a journalist, pamphleteer and novelist prepared to lend his gifts of reporting—or of zealous communication of information dangerously acquired—to the government service when opportunity arose. The correspondence of such a man must have been enormous, but unfortunately only a small fragment of this vast whole has been preserved. Now for the first time all that painstaking research can unearth has been made available in one volume with a meticulous annotation that students will welcome. The letters date from 1703 when Defoe was 42 and continue with an unequal flow until 1730, a few months before his death. This man of so many disguises is to be seen in two conflicting and related roles, as public servant and private citizen. On the public side the impressions are numerous because the main body of the correspondence is addressed to Robert Harley, Secretary of State, who later became Earl of Oxford. Wary, resourceful, suspicious and at times even deceitful as Defoe appears to have been, the personal hints, comparatively meagre, nevertheless point to warmly affectionate depths, to a faith and vision which contradict so much of the expedient posturings of the public figure. There are 251 letters in all, 235 by Defoe himself and sixteen addressed to him. He was employed by Harley as a secret agent, and the years richest in letters are those of 1706 and 1707 when he was acting as a promoter and information officer regarding the Union of Scotland with England. The people of Scotland, he thought, were sober, gallant and religious—"there is nothing wanting but English Stocks, English Art and English Trade to make us all one great people." The public Defoe could easily be represented as a spy and an informer, a courageous man who desired to live dangerously. This is contradicted, however, by some of his statements. As a Dissenter he wrote to thank William Penn who had attempted to save him from the pillory because he had

openly expressed his religious views: "It has been my Character Sir among those who Kno' me, that I scorn to Lye, and by Gods Grace Ile preserve it while I live."

The personal aspect of so full and dedicated a life is less sharply defined. There are no letters to Mary Defoe—"patient helpmeet of a half-century of small triumphs and great calamities"—and only one to his daughter Sophia, which shows him to have been a man of deep feeling and affection. Some letters to tradesmen, publishers and fellow Dissenters offer occasional flashes of an indomitable spirit whose will to live well fed the soul of one destined to fritter away great creative energy in a national service not entirely creditable and which the patron, Harley, did not adequately recognise nor reward. Defoe was at war within himself. His obligations as a government agent went against the inner religious and artistic grain. Towards the end of his life he was an almost Lear-like figure, still a fugitive, still in fear of creditors, estranged from his son, labouring under wrongs, and yet still able to use all things positively so that his acceptance of the gift of life proves an exhilarating testimonial, impelling one to think that the real man was the true believer in uprightness and in justice. Professor Healey's edition can take its place confidently with those of Swift, Johnson and Pepys, because it is a work that has been scrupulously performed.

E. W. MARTIN.

*The Letters of Daniel Defoe.* Edited by G. H. Healey. Oxford University Press. 42s.

### SA'UDI ARABIA

Abdullah H. St. John Philby, next to Sir Winston Churchill, is the best-known Englishman in Saudi-Arabia. He is also one of the most charming, staggeringly erudite in the ways of the desert Arab and the history of the Saudi Royal Family. His books, which are known to a relatively small circle in the West, are not widely current in the East. If they were, there is a possibility that the fearless outspokenness which he indulges in at times would affect even the prominence he has enjoyed through his thirty-odd years' close friendship with the late 'Abd-el-Aziz ibn al-Sa'ud. He is at his best as chronicler to the Royal Family. This book will not commend itself to armchair, escapist travellers, to academic Arabists or to people seeking a popular guide to Sa'udi Arabia today, but it is a tremendous achievement in the writing of history which the author rightly calls a 'chronicle.' As such it resembles the classical histories of the golden age of Islam. Perhaps more important, it covers the exact period when renascent Wahabism was thrusting forward to a new and prominent place in Arabia and the world. This space of some five hundred years had its most important development just when Mr. Philby enters the picture as Ibn Sa'ud's friend. Those who know Sa'udi Arabia will realise the task which must have faced the author in collecting his material from tribal tales, personal enquiry, and half-remembered near-legends. One recognises in the uncompromisingly hero-worshipping pen-portraits of Saudi notables unmistakable echoes of the graphic Arabian narrative style of traditional legend, faithfully recorded for us in these pages.

The book is correctly described by the publishers as a record of the rule of the late King and his family, and most of it is devoted to somewhat involved descriptions of the progress of the House of Sa'ud. The small portion (Chapter 11) on the progress of Sa'udi Arabia as a Modern State is excellent as far as it goes, but seems rather out of place. This means, in fact, that the title is to some extent a misnomer: we still await an authoritative reference work on this last subject alone. Much of the material in Chapter 11 is not new, and has been more lucidly dealt with in Mr. Twitchell's *Saudi-Arabia*. Serious doubt could be thrown upon the entire accuracy of the historical parts by the fact that certain

unsubstantiated allegations are repeated. The following paragraph (in the Foreword) is typical of a good deal of unverifiable talk heard in most parts of the Middle East: "Even the seclusion of women has been tempered to the prevailing breeze of modernism; and the motor-car provides facilities for visits to some beach or desert pleasaunce, where they dance or frolic to the tunes of a gramophone (another prohibited article) in the latest summer frocks from Paris, or dine *alfresco* in strapless bodices." However lax things may have become in Sa'udi Arabia since I was there a couple of years ago (and they would have had to have changed beyond all recognition for this paragraph to be literally true) it is certain that at such frolics Mr. Philby would not be present. Therefore his information is second-hand. Weighed against the work which Mr. Philby has done in making available priceless historical material, the controversial parts of the book are unimportant. It is unlikely that the main body of the work, as a history of the House of Sa'ud, will be surpassed. EDRIS ALI SHAH.

*Sa'udi Arabia.* By H. St. John Philby. Benn. 30s.

## THE EDUCATIONAL REVOLUTION

This is a somewhat confusing book, for we have to wait until chapter 7 to find out what the revolution is. It appears to be the confusion in training colleges and elsewhere about methods of education. Mr. Brogan is critical about many ideas that are now current, and he makes out a very good case. He has a poor opinion of Mr. A. S. Neil. There may be a case for Mr. Neil in his own school working out his somewhat eccentric methods consistently, but we must agree with Mr. Brogan that it is very undesirable that an imitation A. S. Neil, in the form of a school inspector, should rebuke a teacher because the manners of her pupils are too good. Undoubtedly some modern ideas of "free expression," as, for example, the idea that children should be encouraged to smash things up, are simply silly, and it is an unpleasant revelation to some of us that they are so widespread. With regard to the training colleges it is certainly time that those who direct them should make it clear that the business of a teacher is to teach. A good teacher will ease difficulties so far as possible, but it is quite another thing to say that the pupil should never have any difficulties to encounter. Nothing worth knowing can be learnt without some difficulties, certainly not reading and writing. Mr. Brogan, whose experience has been in elementary schools, opens a new world to those of us whose experience has been confined to schools of the grammar school type. The silent opposition of the comparatively uneducated parent to education is strongly stressed, and is a factor of which we must take account. Yet many of us will think that Mr. Brogan goes too far in his opposition to modern education. We can agree with him in disliking the barracks which are called comprehensive schools. Perhaps he is right in condemning the "projects" and some other features of the modern schools as sheer futility. But he is opposed to the recent raising of the school leaving age to fifteen and still more to the contemplated raising of it later on to sixteen. What education he desires for the mass of the people is not at all clear. I think he is right in saying: "the prime heresy is the denigration of content and the exaltation of technique. Teaching techniques have no value whatever unless they are applied to the teaching of lessons that are worth learning." But what lessons are worth learning? And to what extent should these lessons be included in the State schools in the compulsory course? Criticism without construction has a limited value, and Mr. Brogan's book would have been much better if he had stated more clearly where he stands on the constructive side. H. S. SHELTON.

*The Educational Revolution.* By Colm Brogan. Frederick Muller. 10s. 6d.

## BOOKS ON THE TABLE

At the inaugural dinner of the Philippine Society in London, Mr. Leon Guerrero, the Ambassador, is reported to have said that Magellan's discovery of the islands 434 years ago was a mixed blessing; 400 years of foreign domination were started, and it was best to forget him.

**Spice islands**

Against such an oblivion of his name *SO NOBLE A CAPTAIN* (Robert Hale. 21s.) enters a powerful plea. Charles McKew Parr, a Senator in the Connecticut State Legislature and one-time "foreign agent in Spain" has long been sifting controversies and assembling the prodigious facts into this record of the life and voyages of Ferdinand Magellan. He it was who carried through the plan that Columbus had hoped to achieve; by reaching the Philippines a second time from the opposite direction, from the west through a strait named after him at the tip of South America, Magellan was the first to complete the circumnavigation of the world. After differences with King Manuel he renounced his Portuguese nationality and, already an experienced traveller, as a Spaniard in the service of Charles V he sailed his little fleet down the Guadalquivir from Seville to the Spiceries in the great south sea he called Pacific. In consolidating a Christian kingdom by force he met his death at the hands of the pagans, a stubborn, brave man, rash perhaps in all except navigation. Nor should his crew of priests, noblemen, workmen and real sailors go unremarked. Exploration, adventure, fortune, banditry, proselytizing ("to this day," says Mr. Parr, "the people of these islands number millions of Catholics and constitute the only Christian commonwealth in all Asia"), were among their motives, dominated by Europe's need for spices. The appendix on the economic background to Magellan's journeys is masterly, conveying beyond statistics the smells, the colour, the excitement and savagery of trade.

**When Homer's lamp appeared**

From islands nearer home—in spirit no less than geographically—there blow across the centuries still more pungent breezes, from meads of asphodel, from the oil and honey on Patroklos' funeral pyre, from burning charcoal and from pottery ovens, as we turn the pages of *EVERYDAY THINGS IN ANCIENT GREECE*, by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell (Batsford. 15s.). The publishers, who state that this is primarily intended for young people, are notified forthwith that no young person shall filch this particular copy. Dr. Kathleen Freeman has now revised and edited the Homeric, Archaic and Classical parts into one volume, adding the increased knowledge of recent research. Happily unpruned are the abundant and indispensable Quennell drawings, and the beautiful photographs of vase and bas-relief, of portico and hillside theatre, of statue and temple, of gold and silver coins bearing clear-cut miracles of prancing horses or an owl's feathers minted 400 years before Christ was born. The Greek way becomes concrete here in the hands of men and women who use implements of life at home, in warfare and after death, of music, and the drama, of travel, sport, schools, houses and clothes, and draw us to them with a hundred other ties, in their own true meaning of the word 'nostalgia' so currently abused.

**Tales of the gods**

And of our religious and literary heritage let Robert Graves more eloquently speak: "The mediaeval emissaries of the Catholic Church brought to Great Britain, in addition to the whole corpus of sacred history, a Continental university system based on the Greek and Latin Classics." This is the opening sentence of the Introduction to *THE GREEK MYTHS* which he retells in two volumes (Penguin Books. 3s. 6d. each). In his purpose, of embodying the conclusions of modern anthropology and archaeology and of assembling the scattered

elements into harmonious narrative, he seems to have succeeded quite brilliantly. These 171 stories, with his commentary and direction to sources at the end of each of them, and the thirty-five pages of index as well, must satisfy the hungriest demands. At the lowest, they are a ready mine of reference to the half-forgotten, the quarter-remembered, or the totally unknown, among the scandalous quarrels and love affairs in the complicated relationships of the gods. Much more, they are a stimulus to the study of the ways in which real myth may be distinguished from philosophical allegory, satire, sentimental fable, embroidered history, political propaganda, heroic saga, realistic fiction, and other examples cited by Mr. Graves. Some in the dwindling band of classical scholars may differ in interpretation or from his accounting for the variations of mythic pattern, and so arouse his ready ire, but all—authorities and groping students alike—will pay ungrudging tribute to the vastness, the depth, and the sheer staying power of his erudition.

### Playing ball

The colossal task of telling the old stories has endowed Robert Graves apparently with energy and inspiration enough to add a story of his own, to commit to the form of a novel a theory he shares with Samuel Butler that 150 years after the *Iliad* someone other than Homer must have written the *Odyssey*. Its authorship he ascribes to the lively Princess Nausicaa, of whom most of us recollect no more than that as she sang her ball fell in the river; Odysseus woke, was given raiment, and promptly became more handsome at Athene's behest. In HOMER'S DAUGHTER (*Cassell*. 10s. 6d.) Nausicaa draws a sharp picture of her life and background in Sicily some 2,700 years ago. She saved her father's throne, avoided suitors who were distasteful to her, rescued her brothers from death by murder, and tinkered all the while at the Odysseus epic, planning her finished poem to be written out in cuttlefish ink on sheep-

skin. Her autobiography closes when, after listening with emotion to a Cretan love song, she hears her father say: "Daughter, you did well to delay your choice, having found a husband so acceptable to me." On reflection, with Mr. Graves more than with most other novelists it is a case of 'love me, love my learning'—but then this is one of the more pardonable faults.

### Haworth genius

Our indulgence too is infinitely extensible to the faults of the Brontë novels. Last month we allowed that Emily's outrageous method succeeded perfectly. Since then yet another edition of WUTHERING HEIGHTS, this time with an Introduction by Daphne du Maurier and drawings by W. Stein has appeared (*Macdonald Illustrated Classics*. 10s. 6d.). At the same price and in the same elegant, glossy-jacketed series comes JANE EYRE to commemorate the 150th anniversary of Charlotte Brontë's death. To readers who know her dire tale almost by heart Lynton Lamb's illustrations will seem the perfect match, so that even the horse-chestnut tree under which Mr. Rochester asked Jane to marry him looks familiar. To most modern practitioners who, painstaking and sincere though they be, fail to enthral us, a cause of admiring envy is surely the balance kept by Charlotte between a soaring romantic sensibility and—as Janet Adam Smith's Introduction has it—"a classical awareness of human limitations." E. F. Benson's accurate description of Charlotte's best known novel as "a tissue of violences, absurdities and coincidences" is quoted. What matter? Hearing the measured beat of her writing (not given due credit nowadays) as we read on, we are hypnotized into sharing that full "force and logic of her imagination" she so effortlessly imposes on us.

### The dedicated teacher

It takes a chapter or two to enter into the atmosphere of the girls' school in Switzerland presented in THE MOUN-



TAIN AND THE MOLEHILL by Honor Croome (*Chatto & Windus*. 12s. 6d.). But imperceptibly the character of the headmistress begins to claim our sympathy, and to give a direction to the story. Her ideals are high, and the efforts to combat them might have ended in disaster. This Frenchwoman with her fixed sense of vocation, presiding over the immediate lot and the ultimate destiny of a very mixed group of temperaments, could furnish no 'copy' for the mockery of Miss Joyce Grenfell, nor would St. Trinian's recognize the brilliant dark eyes, the laughter lines, and the suggestion of inner strength and delicacy. How to compensate in the girl the mother's rejection of selfless womanhood, is Mademoiselle Boissier's problem. Her method of resolving it, for her and for us, may be gauged by our relief from tension as we finish the book.

### Where Sheridan sparkled

The Devonshire House method of resolving a problem in the eighteenth century was to ignore it. No stalking jealousy, hatred or malice afflicted life at Chatsworth, Chiswick, or the great Piccadilly home. The Duke, his wife and his mistress loved each other with a warmth that included their illegitimate children, who shared the school-room of the little Cavendishes and suffered no adult deprivations. Lady Elizabeth Foster's side of the triangle is set forth in *DEAREST BESS* by Dorothy Margaret Stuart (*Methuen*. 21s.) with the help of hitherto unpublished letters and a good many pages of Lady Elizabeth's journal. She was intelligent and quick-witted, could always cap a quotation or drop into French and Italian, kept a diary that displays a keen ear for dialogue and has little triumphs of character sketching. Her devoted friends included people as diverse as the Prince of Wales and Cardinal Consalvi, and about the important Whig world of politics where Fox was "quite delightful" she was at her ease and a knowledgeable guide. She was pious, and no hint of unreason disturbs her admittance of sins

and hopes to be forgiven. Hard to discern is the conventional portrait of Gibbon's "wicked Lady Elizabeth" in her own account of herself, fortified by Miss Stuart's interpolated and sometimes superfluous defence. Kind, affectionate and unmalicious as undoubtedly Bess was, not quite allayed is the distrust she aroused in her contemporaries to the end when, having been the Duke's second wife for three years, for twelve she had outlived him.

### Behind the glitter

To round the picture of the first Duchess come the extracts from her correspondence, edited impeccably by the Earl of Bessborough, in *GEORGIANA* (*John Murray*. 25s.). This "ravishing" girl with her warm exuberance and her graceful beauty entered light-heartedly enough upon the duties and pleasures of Chatsworth and her social success at Devonshire House. Yet, as Fanny Burney noticed, the vivacity was uneven, and—far more than did her husband's infidelities and her own lapse—her passion for gambling saddened her life and caused the enormous debts that ruined it. Many of her most entrancing letters were to "Dsst Mama" and many of her anxious ones alas to Mr. Coutts, the banker. But with borrowed money to spend she became her own careless self, munificent in charity and extravagant in fashion. One grieves for her (as it is impossible to do for her friend and successor), adorably silly as she was and afraid of her husband, dying disfigured and weary at forty-nine, and deeply mourned by him in somewhat inarticulate fashion. Contradictory creature—Georgiana's epitome is best contained in the epitaph she wrote for herself. "And to God she offered her deep contrition and the sorrows of her life, and her presumptuous hope that the all good long suffering and all seeing Power, Who best could know the extent of her errors, would, although dreadful in His judgments, compassionate and appreciate her repentance." GRACE BANYARD.

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